

THE
LONDON
Polite Songster :

Being, a New and Choice
COLLECTION

Of the most approved
English and Scotch SONGS, AIRS,
CATCHES, &c. now in Vogue,

Including those Sung at the
Places of Public DIVERSION, viz.
Vaux Hall, Ranelagh, &c.

Also at the SOCIETIES of
Free Masons, Bucks, Sea Ser-
jeants, True Britons, Choice
Spirits, Bloods, &c.

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[Faint, illegible markings]

SONG 241.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst which in my soul does rise,
Does ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I wou'd not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee;
And giving it a hope that there
It cou'd not wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it looks and smells, I swear
Not of itself, but thee.

SONG 242.

BY dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What has night to do with sleep?

Night has better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens love;
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

SONG 243.

IF beauty's bloom bespeak the mind,
As fair by nature's hand design'd;
What, as an angel's form we see,
Our flatt'ring wishes hope in thee!

But, ah! when knowing ev'ry grace,
We loom the mind, yet love the face,
By fits the smoth'ring passion burns;
And love and folly move by turns.

As thus with ravish'd eyes we gaze,
With raptures glow, and burst to praise;
You speak,—the pleasing vision flies,
We think, we pity, and despise.

SONG 244.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast.
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lyes,
(Nature's verdant velvet bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

SONG 245.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast:
 Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
 In the dripping-pan a roast,
 That my hunger may remove;
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lies:
 Oh the charming white and red!
 Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
 On the sweetest grass it fed:
 Swiftly make the jack go round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean,
 Pickles get of every sort,
 And a sallad crisp and green:
 O ye Gods! how shall I dine.
 Then with small beer and sparkling wine,

SONG 246.

Would'st thou all the joys receive,
 That enraptur'd lovers give;
 Take a heart from falshood free,
 Take a heart that doats on thee:
 Nice suspicions, jealous train,
 Still creates the virgin's pain;
 Then each timid care remove,
 You can smile and I can love.

Blest with thee, profusely gay,
 Time shall wing his smiling way;
 Ever blooming joys encrease,
 Tranquil liberty and peace:
 Oh! let kindness rule thy breast,
 Smile my panting heart to rest,
 Sweetly smile and thou shalt know,
 We can make an heav'n below.

SONG 247.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had
 long
 Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in song;
 He went one may morning to meet in the grove,
 By her own dear appointment this goddess of
 love;
 Mean while in his mind all her charms he ran
 And doated on each; *can a lover do more?*

He waited, and waited, then changing his strain,
 'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain;
 The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
 And the whole course of nature was alter'd
 down night.

'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change; *can a lover do more?*

Cleora, it hap'd, was by accident there,
 No rose-bud so tempting, no lily so fair;
 He press'd her white hand, next her lips he
 essay'd,

Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid:
 Her kindly compliance his peace did restore;
 And dear Amaryllis was thought of no more.

SONG

SONG 248.

MEERCY ! oh mercy ! conqu'ring maid !
 See, trembling, where your captive's laid ;
 His fate depends upon your breath,
 One word pronounces life or death.
 I strove to keep my liberty,
 Fearing you wou'd my love despise,
 But how can I resist or fly,
 Disarm'd and wounded by your eye.
 Disarm'd, &c.

The noble victors quarter give,
 And let the slaves for pity live :
 Thus, when you shall your conquest grace,
 Chain'd at your feet I beg my place :
 Then you my diff'rent thoughts shall know
 From slaves in other triumphs shewn :
 Those wretches sad and blushing go,
 I pleas'd and proud as on a throne,
 I pleas'd, &c.

SONG 249.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair ?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are ?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'r meads in May ;
 Yet if she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move
 Me to perish for her love ;
 Or, her worthy merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own ?
 Be she with that goodness blest,
 As may merit name the best ;
 Yet if she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 I will never more despair ;
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die e'er she shall grieve ;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I will scorn, and let her go :
 So if she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be.

S O N G 250.

CHARMING Chloe, look with pity
 On your faithful love-sick swain ;
 Hear, oh ! hear this doleful ditty,
 And relieve his mighty pain.
 Find you music in his sighing ?
 Can you see him in distress,
 Wishing, trembling, panting, dying,
 Yet afford no kind redress ?

Strephon, mov'd by lawful passion,
 For no favours rudely sues ;
 All his flame is out of fashion,
 Ancient honour for him woos.
 Love for love's the swain's ambition:
 But if that is deem'd too great,

Pity,

Pity, pity his condition ;
Say at least, you do not hate.

Should you, fonder of a rover,
Practis'd in the art of guile,
Slight so true and kind a lover,
Chloe, might not Strephon smile?
Yes ; well pleas'd at thy undoing,
Vulgar lovers might upbraid ;
Strephon, conscious of thy ruin,
Soon would be a silent shade.

S O N G 251.

YOU say you love ! repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing sound,
Repeat the ease of all my pain,
The cure of ev'ry wound.
What you to thousands have deny'd
To me you freely give,
Whilst I in humble silence dy'd,
Your mercy bid me live.
Your mercy bid me live.

So on cold Latmos top each night,
Endymion sighing lay ;
Gaz'd on the moon's transcendent light,
Despair'd, and durst not pray.
But divine Cynthia saw his grief,
Th' effect of conqu'ring charms,
Unask'd, the Goddess brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

SONG 252.

FOR many unsuccessful years
 At Cynthia's feet I lay,
 Bathing them often with my tears;
 I sigh'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch before the shrine
 Of some lov'd saint above,
 E'er thought his goddess more divine
 Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful nymph look'd down
 With coy insulting pride,
 Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
 And turn'd her head aside.

Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
 Use more prevailing charms;
 You modest, whining fool draw near,
 And clasp her in your arms.

With eager kisses tempt the maid,
 From Cynthia's feet depart;
 The lips he briskly must invade,
 That would possess the heart.

With that I shook off all the slave,
 My better fortune try'd;
 When Cynthia in a moment gave
 What she for years deny'd.

SONG

SONG 253.

THE heavy hours are almost past
 That part my love and me ;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.

But how, my *Delia*, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
 Your heart is still the same ;
 And heal each idly-anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame ?

Thus, *Delia*, thus I paint the scene,
 When shortly we shall meet ;
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love :

All I of *Venus* ask is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss
 To die and think you mine.

SONG

SONG 254.

Sooner than I'll my love forego,
 And lose the man I prize,
 I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,
 Or fall a sacrifice.

Nor bolts, nor bars shall me controul,
 I death and danger dare;
 Restraint but fires the active soul,
 And urges fierce despair.

The window now shall be my gate,
 I'll either fall or fly;
 Before I'll live with them I hate,
 For him I love I'll die!

SONG 255.

AT TEND, ye ever tuneful swains,
 That in melodious soothing strains,
 Of Chloe sing or Phyllis;
 Tho' weak my skill, tho' rude my verse,
 Upbraid me not while I rehearse
 The charms of *Polly Willis*.

Tho' languid I, and poor in thought
 No simile shall here be brought
 From roses, pinks, or lilies;
 Some meaner beauties they may hit,
 But sure no simile can fit
 The charms of *Polly Willis*.

A simile to match her hair,
 Her lovely forehead, high and fair,
 Beyond my greatest skill is ;
 How then, ye Gods ! can be express'd
 The eyes, the lips, the heaving breast
 Of charming Polly Willis.

She's not like Venus on the flood,
 Or as she once on Ida stood,
 Nor mortal Amaryllis ;
 Frame all that's lovely, bright and fair,
 Of pleasing shape and killing air,
 And that is Polly Willis.

Tho' time her charms may wear away,
 All beauty must in time decay,
 Yet in her pow'r there still is
 A charm, which shall her life endure,
 I mean the spotless mind and pure
 Of charming Polly Willis.

SONG 256.

SOFT invader of my soul,
 Love, who can thy pow'r controul ?
 All that haunt earth, air and sea,
 Own thy force, and bow to thee.
 All the dear enchanting day,
 Celia steals my heart away ;
 All the tedious live-long night,
 Celia swims before my sight.
 Happy, happy, were the swain,
 Who might such a prize obtain !
 Other joys he need not prove,
 Bless'd enough in Celia's love.

All that temptingly beguile,
 Sparkling eyes, and dimpling smile;
 Every charm, and every grace,
 Dwells on charming Celia's face;
 Open, gen'rous, free from art,
 Virtue lives within her heart:
 Modesty and truth combin'd,
 Suit her person to her mind.
 Happy, happy, were the swain,
 Who might such a prize obtain;
 Other joys he need not prove,
 Blest enough in Celia's love.

SONG 257.

AS the snow in valleys lying,
 Phoebus his warm beams applying,
 Soon dissolves and runs away;
 So the beauties, so the graces,
 Of the most bewitching faces,
 At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
 By the slaves he once controul'd;
 So the nymph if none cou'd move her,
 Is contemn'd by every lover,
 When her charms are growing old,

Melancholick looks and whining,
 Grieving, quarrelling and pining,
 Are th' effects your rigours move:
 Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
 Melting sighs, transporting trances,
 Are the blest effects of love.

Fair ones ! while your beauty's blooming,
Employ time, lest age resum'g
What your youth profusely lends ;
You are rob'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
To your unbelieving friends.

SONG 258.

GLIDE on ye swift moments with volatile
wing,
And roll in a circle around the gay ring ;
Of Jemmy my sweet-heart with rapture I'll
sing,
Of joy and of rapture the source and the spring,
And a pretty young lad is my Jemmy.

He's lively, he's witty, he's jocund and gay,
He's milder than Zephyr, and sweeter than may ;
And warbles his love in so melting a lay,
Methinks I could hear him all night and all day.
And a pretty, &c.

Reclin'd on his bosom as oft-times I lie,
He starts and looks tender, then heaves a
deep sigh ;
Thus blest with my Polly, ye Gods ! I cou'd die,
Thus blest too, I answer, ye Gods ! so cou'd I.
And a pretty, &c.

Let Chloe her Colin's good nature approve,
And Jenny with Jockey make vocal the grove ;
My lover, nor tempest, nor passion can move,
He harbours no passion—no passion but love !
And a pretty, &c.
A a When'er

When'er my dear Shepherd trips light on the
green,
The choir he enlivens, and chaces the spleen ;
They all stand and gaze at his air and his mein,
And I am scarce able my fondness to screen !
And a pretty, &c.

See Phœbus bright sparkler is on the decline,
And Jemmy's blith lambkins are mingled with
mine ;
I'll gather the lily, the rose, and woodbine,
An odorous wreath for my dearest to twine.
And a pretty young lad is my Jemmy.

SONG 259.

YOU bid me, fair, conceal my love.
Ah ! think how hard the task ;
Think of the mighty pains I prove,
Then think of what you ask.
Go bid the fev'rish wretch forbear
Midst burning to complain :
Go bid the slaves who fetter'd are,
Forget the galling chain.
Forget the galling chain.

Should they obey, yet greater far
The torments which I feel ;
Love's fires, than fevers fiercer are ;
Love pierces more than steel.
Pain but the body can controul,
The thoughts no cord can bind ;
Love is a fever of the soul,
A chain which holds the mind.
A chain which holds the mind.

SONG

SONG 260.

SO much I love thee, O my treasure!
That my flame no bound does know;
Oh! look upon your swain with pleasure,
For his pain some pity show.

Oh! my charmer, tho' I leave you,
Yet my heart with you remains;
Let not then my absence grieve you,
Since with pride I wear your chains.

SONG 261.

TO this moment a rebel, I throw down my
arms,
Great love, at first sight of Olinda's bright
charms,
Made proud and secure by such forces as these,
You may now play the tyrant as soon as you
please.
When innocence, beauty and wit do conspire
To betray and engage, and enflame my desire,
Why shou'd I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleasing hope by base fear be destroy'd.
And let pleasing, &c.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why should it pursue me?
And wit has to pleasure been ever a friend,
Then what room for despair, since delight is
love's end?

There

There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
Where love is secur'd by goodnature and truth ;
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of pleasure com-
plain,

While ev'ry kind look adds a link to my chain.

'Tis more to maintain than it was to surprize ;
But her wit leads in triumph the slave of her
eyes :

I beheld, with the loss of my freedom, before,
But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my Goddess, her temple too weak ;
Retire, divine image, I feel my heart break :
Help love, I dissolve in a rapture of charms,
At the thought of those joys I should meet in
her arms.

SONG 262.

THYRSIS.

WHEN fairies dance round on the grass,
And revel to night's awful noon ;
O say, will you meet me, sweet lass,
All by the clear light of the moon ?

PHYLLIS.

My passion I seek not to screen ;
Then can I refuse you your boon ?
I'll meet you at twelve on the green,
All by the clear light of the moon.

The nightingale, perch'd on a thorn
Then charms all the plains with her tune ;
And, glad of the absence of morn,
Salutes the pale light of the moon.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

How sweet is the jessamin grove!
And sweet are the roses of june;
But sweeter's the language of love,
Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.

Too slow rolls the chariot of day,
Unwilling to grant me my boon:
Away, envious sunshine, away,
Give place to the light of the moon.

PHYLLIS.

But say, will you never deceive
The last whom you conquer'd too soon?
And leave a lost maiden to grieve
Alone by the light of the moon.

THYRSIS.

The planets shall start from their spheres,
Ere I prove so sickle a loon;
Believe me, I'll banish thy fears,
Dear maid, by the light of the moon.

BOTH.

Our loves when the shepherds shall view,
To us they their pipes shall attune
While we our soft pleasures renew
Each night, by the light of the moon.

SONG 263.

I Envy not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state;
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in a sweet retirement find
 A joy unknown to kings ;
 For sceptres to a virtuous mind
 Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
 With brighter lustre shone,
 Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
 Tho' seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
 Ambition ever knows ;
 A stranger to the calm delights
 Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
 Keep me, ye Pow'rs divine ;
 And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,
 May I that life resign.

SONG 264.

M U S E T T E.

ALL ye softer pow'rs join
 Cold Aminta's heart to move,
 Strike with harmony divine,
 Every string that wakens love !
 Send her yielding to my arms,
 Fraught with all that love inspires ;
 Deck'd in all her virgin charms,
 To assuage my fond desires.

M I N U E T.

See from yonder shade she comes,
 Breathing all around perfumes ;

Beaming

Beaming from her wanton eyes ;
 All that in her bosom lies ;
 Coldness now forsakes her breast,
 That alone has love possess'd :
 Damon, now thy sighs give o'er,
 Pine with discontent no more.

S O N G 265.

FAST by the margin of the sea,
 And on the damp and shelly shore ;
 A swain in pensive posture lay,
 And did his hard mishap deplore,
 His hard mishap deplore.

O cruel fate, ah ! hapless hour,
 When I and Celia sail'd the deep ;
 When, hush'd by some deluding pow'r,
 The winds and waves were laid asleep,
 The winds were laid asleep !

Too soon, alas ! the peaceful scene
 Chang'd to a storm, the tempests roar,
 The sky look'd black, the smoaking main,
 Dash'd its fierce waves against the shore,
 Fierce waves against the shore.

'Twas then my heart wept drops of blood,
 And, like the ship, was rent in twain ;
 When Celia foundered in the flood,
 Sunk, struggled, rose, and sunk again,
 Sunk, rose, and sunk again.

Thrice did I plunge beneath the waves
 To catch the sinking panting fair,

Thrice

Thrice made a vain attempt to save,
 I shriek'd, I rav'd in mad despair.
 I rav'd in mad despair.

How fain wou'd Damon then have dy'd,
 And hurry'd to the world beneath
 To seek his love, and by her side
 Lament her too untimely death.
 Her too untimely death.

S O N G 266.

YE shepherds and nymphs, that adorn the
 gay plains,
 Approach from your sports, and attend to
 my strains ;
 Amongst all your number, a lover so true
 Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine ?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies,
 She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not
 my sighs ;
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears ;
 Her answer confounds, while her manner en-
 dears ;

When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
 My trembling lips bless her, in spite of my grief.

By

By night, while I slumber still haunted with
care,

I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair;
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so,
And only, when dreaming, imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she could love whom she cannot ad-
mire;

Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the
grave.

SONG 267.

COME gentle god of soft repose

And lull my soul to rest;

In thy embraces let me lose

The pangs that rack my breast:

Arise, ye dear deceits, arise,

And drest in Damon's form,

My long expecting wishing eyes,

With his resemblance charm.

Those melting sounds still let me hear,

Which did his flame impart;

Which blest with love my list'ning ear,

And pierc'd my yielding heart.

Why rove my thoughts on pleasing cares,

Which only dreams bestow;

For, oh! when e'er the morn appears,

I wake to endless woe.

The envious light, from my sad eyes,

Drives ev'ry joy away;

With

With night the lovely phantom flies,
 And leaves me lost in day.
 Since waking thus I am distress'd,
 And pleasure's fled with him;
 If sleeping I can still be blest,
 Let life be all a dream.

SONG 268.

WHAT beauties does my nymph disclose?

Less fair the silver lilly blows;
 Such blushes glow not on the rose,
 As on the cheeks of Phillis.
 The other day, upon the green,
 I saw a nymph of heav'nly mein;
 I ran to greet the Cyprian queen,
 But found it was my Phillis.

By mossy grot with ivy bound,
 Where fragrant woodbines curl around,
 And daisies dapple o'er the ground,
 I sit and murmur Phillis.
 And when the lark with dewy wings,
 To hail the morn exulting springs,
 I rise, and tune the trembling strings
 To praise my dearest Phillis.

When first I saw the lovely maid,
 I gaz'd, inraptur'd and dismay'd;
 My faltering tongue was quite afraid
 To tell my pangs to Phillis.
 Then Cupid aim'd his sharpest dart,
 At once I felt the pleasing smart,
 That very hour I lost my heart;
 And now it dwells with Phillis.

SONG

SONG 269.

HE.

HARK ! hark ! o'er the plains, how the
merry bells ring,
Asleep while my charmer is laid :
The village is up, and the day's on the wing,
And *Phyllis* may yet die a maid,
My poor girl ;
And *Phyllis* may yet die a maid.

SHE.

'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away ;
O *Damon*, I'm young and afraid :
To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid,
My dear boy, &c.

HE.

The bridemaids are met, and mamma's on the
pet,
All, all, my coy *Phyllis* upbraid :
By midnight my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,
Nor grieve she's no longer a maid,
My dear girl, &c.

SHE.

Dear shepherd forbear, and to-morrow, I swear,
To-morrow I'll not be afraid ;
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid,
My dear boy, &c.

HE.

HE.

No, no, *Phyllis*, no, on thy bosom of snow
 To night shall your shepherd be laid ;
 Fast lock'd in my arms, you shall yield up your
 Nor wish to live longer a maid, [charms,
 My dear girl, &c.

SHE.

Then open the door, 'twas unbolted before,
 'Twas *Damon* his bliss that delay'd :
 To church let us go, and if there I say no,
 O then let me die an old maid,
 My dear boy, &c.

DUETT and CHORUS.

Away then, away, and to love give the day,
 Ye nymphs, let example persuade ;
 Let beauty be kind, when the swain's in the
 'Tis foolish to die an old maid, [mind,
 My dear girl ;
 'Tis foolish to die an old maid.

SONG 270.

THE man who best can danger dare
 Is most deserving of the fair :
 The bold, the brave, we women prize,
 The whining slave we all despise,
 The whining slave we all despise.

Let coxcombs flatter, cringe and lie,
 Pretend to languish, pine and die :
 Such men of words my scorn shall be,
 The man of deeds is the man for me.

The man of deeds is the man for me.

SONG

SONG 271.

THE sun was sunk beneath the main,
 Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
 Young Collin turn'd his team to rest,
 And sought the lass he lik'd the best.
 As toward her cot he jogg'd along,
 Her name was fragrant in his song;
 But when his errand Dolly knew,
 She vow'd she'd something else to do.
She vow'd, &c.

He swore he did esteem her more
 Than any maid he'd seen before;
 In tender sighs, protesting he
 Would constant as the Turtle be;
 Talk'd much of death, shou'd she refuse,
 And us'd the arts that lovers use:
 'Tis fine, say Doll, if its but true,
 But now I've something else to do.
But now, &c.

Her pride then Colin thus address'd,
 Forgive me Doll, I did but jest,
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove,
 But think not I shall die for love.
 Tho' first she did his courtship scorn,
 Now Doll began to court in turn:
 Dear Collin I was jesting too,
 Step in; I've nothing else to do.
Step in, &c.

B b S O N G

SONG 272.

LET others sing in loftier lays,
 The wanton and the vain,
 My artless muse aspires to praise
 Dear Polly of the plain.
 Tho' poor my skill,
 My song shall still,
 Be Polly of the plain.

While vanity admits her aid,
 Let meaner beauties shine,
 Her faithless glare bedims the maid,
 Whom nature stamps divine :
 Her pow'r to shew,
 She sent below,
 Dear Polly of the plain.

The face, the mien, may charms dispense,
 To kindle fierce desire,
 But virtue, modesty and sense,
 Must gen'rous love inspire :
 'Tis these that move
 My soul to love
 Dear Polly of the Plain.

How sweetly looks the silver ray,
 That cheers the noon of night !
 But when great Phoebus gives the day,
 What pow'r has Cynthia's light ?
 Thus all the fair,
 Eclips'd appear
 By Polly of the plain.

Tho'
 & the

Tho' blest the youth, within whose mind
 A happy passion reigns ;
 Yet happiest he of all mankind,
 Who Polly's heart obtains,
 And in his arms
 Enjoys the charms
 Of Polly of the plain.

S O N G 273.

Pursuing beauty, men desery
 The distant shore, and long to prove
 (Still richer in variety)
 The treasure of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians stand
 Inviting, from our golden coast,
 The wand'ring rovers to our land ;
 But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
 Stealing unseen into the heart ;
 But, by possession settled in,
 They quickly aft another part.

For beads and baubles we resign
 In ignorance our shining store ;
 Discover nature's richest mine,
 And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try
 How they can court, or you be won ;
 For love is but discovery,
 When that is made the pleasure's done.

SONG 274.

TO all you ladies now at land
 We men at sea indite,
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write :
 The Muses now and Neptune too
 We must implore to write to you.

With a fal, la, la, la

For tho' the Muses should prove kind
 And fill our empty brain ;
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen and ink and we
 Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not by each post,
 Think not we are unkind ;
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
 By Dutchmen, or by wind :
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
 The tide shall bring them twice a day.

The king with wonder and surprize,
 Will swear the seas grow bold,
 Because the tides will higher rise
 Than e'er they did of old ;
 But let him know it is our tears
 Bring floods of grief to *Whitehall* stairs.

Should foggy *Opdam* chance to know
 Our sad and dismal story,
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at *Goree* ;

For

For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind ?

Let wind and weather do their worst
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we can find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious Ombre play :
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away ;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play ;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote ;
Think then, how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness :

All these designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.

S O N G 275.

Singing charms the blest above,
Angels sing, and saints approve;
All we below
Of heaven can show,
Is that they both sing and love.

Anna with an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair :
Vassals and kings
Feel, when she sings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.

Savage nature conquer'd lies,
All is wonder and surprize ;
Souls expiring,
Hearts a-firing,
By her charming notes and eyes.

Let the violin and harp
Hang and moulder till they warp ;
Let flute and lyre
In dust expire,
Shatter'd by a vocal sharp.

S O N G

SONG 276.

THE Man who seeks to win the fair,
 (So custom says) must truth forbear:
 Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lye,
 And raise the goddess to the sky.

For truth is hateful to her ear,
 A rudeness which she cannot bear;
 A Rudeness, yes, I speak my thoughts,
 For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Cloe then am I,
 Who love you and yet cannot lie;
 And still to make you less my friend,
 I strive your errors to amend.

SONG 277.

THE lark her early mattins thrill'd
 Melodious o'er the verdant lawn;
 While all around the welkin smil'd,
 And blushing hail'd the rosy morn.
 When Colin in a merry strain,
 Came whistling o'er the fertile plain.

He paus'd, and thus with rapture cry'd,
 Was ever mortal blest as I!
 To liberty my soul ally'd,
 Shall ever female power defy?
 From fair to fair, I'll ever range,
 And build my happiness on change.

While

While Strephon, fond deluded youth
 For Chloë sighs, but all in vain;
 She scorns his constancy and truth,
 And doubles (with her frowns) his pain.
 But I, a stranger to the smart,
 Repel with ease the coming dart.

Thus of his feeble pow'r the swain
 Stood boasting; when with piercing eyes,
 Bright Phillis tript athwart the plain,
 Diffusing all around surprize.
 He gaz'd, a sigh ensu'd, to prove
 That all must yield to pow'ful love.

Alas! the swain with rapture cries,
 What pain is this my heart endures?
 The god of love aloft replies,
 A pain which none but Phillis cures.
 He strait the lovely nymph address'd,
 And all his tender flame confess'd.

But she with eyes of scorn, beheld
 The youth now sighing at her feet;
 And strait across the dewy field,
 In silence made a glad retreat.
 He gaz'd, and thus with ardour cry'd,
 Ah! Phillis, cruel maid, and dy'd.

S O N G 278.

WHILST in the bow'r, with beauty blest,
 The lov'd Amyntor lies;
 While sinking on Zelinda's breast,
 He fondly kiss'd her eyes.

A wakeful nightingale, who long
 Had mourn'd within the shade,
 Sweetly renew'd her plaintive song,
 And warbled thro' the glade.

Melodious songstress, cry'd the swain,
 To shades less happy go ;
 Or if with us thou wilt remain,
 Forbear thy tuneful woe.

While in Zelinda's arms I lie,
 To song I am not free ;
 On her soft bosom while I sigh,
 I discord find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect joys ;
 Then cease thy fond intrusion ;
 Be silent, musick now is noise,
 Variety, confusion.

S O N G 279.

OF *Leinster*, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace ;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
 Reflect so fair a face :
 'Till luckless love and pining care
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen the lily pale,
 When beating rains descend ?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life now near its end.

By

By Lucy warn'd of flatt'ring swains;
 Take heed, ye easy fair;
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
 A bell was heard to ring,
 And shrieking at her window thrice
 The screech-owl flapp'd his wing;
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 Which says I must not stay;
 I see a hand you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away.
 By a false heart, and broken vows,
 In early youth I die!
 Am I to blame because his bride
 Is twice as rich as I?

Ah Collin! give not her thy vows;
 Vows due to me alone;
 Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss
 Nor think him all your own.
 To-morrow in the church to wed
 Impatient both prepare;
 But know, fond maid, and knows false man,
 That Lucy will be there.

There bear my corpse, ye comrades bear,
 The bridegroom blythe to meet;
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 I in my winding-sheet.

She spoke, she dy'd—her corse was born
 The bridegroom blythe to meet;
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding sheet.

Oh! what were perjur'd Collin's thoughts?
 How were those nuptials kept?
 The bridemen flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.
 Compassion, shame, remorse, despair
 At once his bosom swell;
 The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah! bride no more!
 The vary'd crimson fled,
 When stretch'd before her rival's corse
 She saw her husband dead.
 He to his Lucy's new-made grave
 Convey'd by trembling swains:
 One mold with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.

Of at this grave the constant hind
 And plighted maid are seen,
 With garlands gay, and true-love's knots,
 They deck the sacred green:
 But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear;
 Remember Collin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

SONG

SONG 280.

HARK, hark, the huntsman sounds his
horn,

A call to music chide the drone ;

Ton, ton, &c.

The clangor wakes the drowsy morn

The woods re-echo the sprightly tone.

Ton, ton, &c.

The loud tongu'd cry the concert fill,

Our steeds with neighing salute the dawn ;

Ton, ton, &c.

We mount, and now we climb the hill,

Then swift descending sweep the lawn.

Ton, ton, &c.

The distant stag our accents hears,

Our accents, fatal to him alone ;

Ton, ton, &c.

He rousing starts, and, wing'd with fears,

Forsakes the thicket, and seeks the down.

Ton, ton, &c.

Altho' Diana claims the field,

The woods and forests tho' her own ;

Ton, ton, &c.

The groves to Venus let her yield,

Where we may follow her sportive son.

Ton, ton, &c.

What joy to trace the blooming lass,

Thro' darksome grots, with moss o'er-grown.

Ton, ton, &c.

What

What harmony can ours surpass,
When joining choirs dove-like moan!

Ton, ton, &c.

In various sports the day thus spent,
Fatigu'd with pleasure, when night comes on;

Ton, ton, &c.

Our limbs tho' tir'd, our hearts content,
With wine regaling, our cares we drown.

Ton, ton, &c.

SONG 281.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus re-
ceive

The nameless, soft transports that beauty can
give;

The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are
vain,

All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain;

The most splendid palace grows dark as the
grave:

Love and wine give ye Gods, or take back
what ye gave.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,

To Comus' court repair;

There night outshines the day,

There yields the melting fair.

SONG 282.

NOW *Phabus* sinketh in the West,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest,
 Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsy dance and jollity :
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrup'lous head,
 Strict age, and sour severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

SONG 283.

HOW cruel is a parent's care,
 Who riches only prizes !
 When finding out some booby heir,
 He thinks he wond'rous wise is :
 While the poor maid, to shun her fate,
 And not to prove a wretch in state,
 To 'scape the blockhead she must hate,
 She weds where she despises.

The harmless dove thus trembling flies,
 The rav'nous hawk pursuing ;
 A-while her tender pinions tries,
 Till doom'd to certain ruin ;
 Afraid her worst of foes to meet,
 No shelter near, no kind retreat,
 She drops beneath the falc'ner's feet,
 For gentler usage suing.

SONG

SONG 284

AS late at ruddy close of day,
On yonder turf Alexis lay,
Alexis wanton boy;
Alexis wanton boy.

The gay Lucinda sported by,
Pastora breath'd the tender sigh,
But Mira still was coy,
But Mira still was coy.

The laughing Delia stole his crook,
And Laura glanc'd the wanton look,
A hint she would be kind;
Bright Daphne in the lonely grove,
A signal gave, a call to love,
But still the swain was blind.

Nor Pastorella's mein could charm,
Nor Celia's awful presence warm,
Nor Stella's syren tongue,
But Mira's eyes and mein controul,
And gazing all his raptur'd soul,
Stood list'ning as she sang.

But ah! when Mira learn'd to sigh,
To glance, to roll the wanton eye,
To bless th' inconstant boy;
To bless, &c.

As soon the faithless wav'ring swain,
Forsook the nymph, forsook the plain,
To find the maid that's coy,
To find the maid that's coy.

SONG 285.

WAFT me, ye winds, where woodbines
 grow,
 Where rising flow'rs adorn the spring,
 Where gently murm'ring riv'lets flow,
 And plaintive cooing stock-doves sing.

There, in the cool, the kind retreat,
 Far from the sports which glad the plains,
 My Mary's falshood I'll repeat,
 And to the silent grove complain.

Then, if by chance the maid draws near,
 Lur'd by the music of my song,
 Whisper, ye gales, that she is there,
 And all the tender strain prolong.

In notes more moving, I'll relate,
 The cruel story of my woe;
 Until the fair lament my fate,
 And griev'd she's us'd her true-love so.

SONG 286.

WHO can Dorinda's beauty view,
 And not her captive be?
 Apollo, Daphne did pursue,
 Embrac'd the maid, tho' then a tree.

If the gods could love at such a rate,
 Poor mortals must adore;
 Dorinda's merits are as great,
 'Tis just to love her more.

SONG

SONG 287.

BY various charms the god of love,
 To chain my heart had often strove,
 By various charms, &c.
 But vainly boasting to be free,
 I still preserv'd my liberty.
 But vainly boasting, &c.

Piqu'd at a heart so vain, so proud,
 Revenge the little godhead vow'd ;
 Piqu'd at a heart, &c.
 And now determin'd on the prize,
 He shot adart from Celia's eyes.
 And now determin'd, &c.

The arrow piercing deep its way,
 Soon made my stubborn heart obey ;
 The arrow piercing, &c.
 And tamely yield to love's command,
 For who such beauty can withstand ?
 And tamely yield, &c.

SONG 288.

WHEN daisies py'd and violets blue,
 And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;
 The cuckow then on every tree
 Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he :
Cuckow ! Cuckow ! word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

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When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmens clocks ;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;
The cuckow then on ev'ry tree
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he :
Cuckow ! Cuckow ! word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

S O N G 289.

WHEN icicles hang on the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nails,
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pails ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy *Jean* doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And *Marian*'s nose looks red and raw ;
Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
And nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy *Jean* doth keel the pot.

S O N G 290.

WHEN I liv'd in my grandmother's cot,
What a happy young Damsel was I !
Each day we'd the spit or the pot,
With plenty of pudding and pyc ; I'd

I'd a horse that cou'd amble and trot,
 And good neighbours to visit hard by;
 Yet I wanted—I cou'd not tell what,
 And I sigh'd—but I cou'd not tell why,
I sigh'd, &c.

My daddy he bought me a knot,
 With a fan, and a new-fashion'd fly,
 A pair of silk shoes too I got,
 To wear when the weather was dry;
 Yet to pine all the day was my lot,
 And in bed ever restless to lie;
 For I wanted—I cou'd not tell what,
 And I sigh'd—but I cou'd not tell why.

For counsel I car'd not a jot,
 Resolv'd some new project to try;
 And I thought I shou'd die on the spot;
 If a pretty young fellow pass'd by;
 At last a brisk husband I got,
 'Twas the man I had long in my eye;
 He gave me—I must not tell what,
 And I lov'd him—but need not tell why.

S O N G 291.

DIOGENES, surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth:
 But growing as poor as a Job,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
 A bumper to cherish his heart,
 And when he was maudlin would cry
 Because he had empty'd his quart :
 Tho' some are so foolish to think
 He wept at men's folly and vice,
 'Twas only his custom to drink
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democretes always was glad
 To tittle, and cherish his soul ;
 And would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing bowl :
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff :
 And when he was drunk as a lord,
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave
 Good laws unto Athens of old,
 And thought the rich Cræsus a slave
 (Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold ;
 He delighted in plentiful bowls,
 But, drinking, much talk would decline,
 Because 'twas the custom of fools
 To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content
 Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
 Who in's cups to the oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :
 Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
 Made wine the delight of his life,
 Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable scold of a wife.
 Theophrastus,

Theophrastus, that eloquent sage,
 By Athens so greatly ador'd,
 With a bottle would boldly engage,
 When mellow was brisk as a bird;
 Would chat, tell a story, and jest
 Most pleasantly over a glass,
 And tho' a dumb guest at a feast,
 But a dull, philosophical ass.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
 Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
 Which he drank, like a miser at home;
 And to shew he lov'd wine that was good
 To the last, (we may truly avow it)
 He tinctur'd his bath with his blood
 So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythag'ras did silence enjoin
 On his pupils, who wisdom would seek,
 Because that he tippled good wine;
 Till himself was unable to speak:
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd the transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the better to shine:
 With wine he replenish'd his veins
 And made his philosophy reel;
 Then fancy'd the world, as his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Anaxarchus,

Anaxarchus, more patient than Job,
 By pestles was pounded to death,
 Yet scorn'd that a groan or a sob
 Should waste the remains of his breath :
 But sure he was free with his glass,
 And drank to a pitch of disdain ;
 Or the strength of his wisdom, alas !
 I fear would have flinch'd at the pain.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine ;
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine :
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was as big as a watering-trough ;
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,
 He saw that no object appear'd
 Exactly the same as it was
 Before he had liquor'd his beard ;
 For things running round in his drink,
 Which sober he motionless found,
 Occasion'd the sceptic to think
 There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
 Who fondly to wisdom was prone,
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known :
 By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings ;
 Without it we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

SONG

S O N G 292.

He. **W**Hilst I, with many a pleasing kiss,
 My Flora's bosom prest;
 So long I liv'd in perfect bliss,
 No monarch half so blest.

She. While you your love to me confin'd,
 Nor lov'd another more;
 Till you to Chloe was more kind,
 I ne'er knew grief before.

He. Now Chloe with her voice and lyre
 Has made my heart her slave;
 For whom I'd suffer sword or fire,
 Her precious life to save.

She. For lovely Colin now I sigh,
 And mutual love receive;
 For whom I'd suffer twice to die,
 Provided he would live.

He. But should our former love return,
 And bring a stronger chain;
 Should I for Chloe cease to burn,
 And seek my dear again.

She. Altho' he's brighter than the sun,
 And you unconstant fly;
 Life's course with thee I'd freely run,
 With thee I'd live and die.

S O N G

SONG 293.

Consider, dear daughter, what 'tis to be
rich,
Nor spurn thus unwise at the blessing;
The views of being wealthy most women be-
witch,
Such husbands are sure worth possessing.

You tell me he is silly, I say he has pence;
His acres are boundless, his treasures immense;
A coach and six horses is beauty and sense;
Then prithee no longer refuse him.

SONG 294.

THERE lives a lass upon the green,
Cou'd I her picture see;
A brighter nymph was never seen;
She looks and lives a little queen,
And keeps the swains in awe.

Her eyes are Cupid's darts and wings,
Her eye-brows are his bow,
Her silken hair the silver strings,
Which swift and sure destruction brings
To all the vile below.

If Pastorella's dawning light
Can warm and wound us too,
Her noon must shine so piercing bright
Each glancing beam will kill out-right,
And ev'ry swain subdue.

SONG 295.

A Wake, my love, with genial ray,
 The sun returning glads the day!
 Awake! the balmy Zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisy glows;
 The trees regain their verdant pride,
 The turtle woos his tender bride;
 To love each warbler tunes his song,
 And fish in dimples glide along.

O more than blooming daisies fair!
 More fragrant than the vernal air!
 More gentle than the turtle-dove,
 Or streams that murmur thro' the grove!
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 Those pleasures wait on wasting spring;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy,
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

SONG 296.

OFF all the maladies that cleave
 To man, if that you moan, fir,
 Which no physician can relieve,
 Save only one alone, fir.

All sages, in this case, assure,
 The Doctor in the datum,
 In love, the cause alone can cure,
 A recipe, — *Probatum*.

D d

SONG

SONG 297.

VAinly now ye strive to charm me,
 Whilst the breakfast keeps away :
 How should empty tea-cups warm me !
 Betty, bring the water, pray.

Go, ye butter'd cakes, go leave me ;
 Take away the toasted rows ;
 Softer transports muffins give me ;
 Don't you think so, Mrs. Bowles ?

SONG 298.

ZEPHYRS spread your purple pinions ;
 Tune Florella's soul to love !
 Breathe ambrosial fragrance round her,
 While she docks the proud alcove,
 Purl ye crystal streams and fountains
 Lull to rest her weary eyes ;
 Sol dispel thy beams,
 While the fair-one dreams
 How enamour'd Strephon dies.

Haste, oh ! haste, ye feather'd songsters,
 Haste to each surrounding spray ;
 With your blithe and tuneful sonnets,
 Hail the beautiful queen of May.
 Cupid, from thy airy region,
 View her marble neck and breast ;
 Quickly send a dart,
 To the fair-one's heart,
 And procure my lasting rest.

SONG

SONG 299.

I'LL tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen,
 Oh! things without compare:
 Such sights again can ne'er be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
 Where we, thou know'st, do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs;
 And there I did see coming down
 Such folk as are not in our town,
 Vorty at least in pairs.

Among the rest one pest'lent fine,
 His beard no bigger tho' than thine,
 Walk'd on before the rest;
 Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
 The king, God bless him, 'twou'd undo him,
 Shou'd he go still so drest.

At *course a pack*, without all doubt,
 He shou'd have first been taken out
 By all the maids in town;
 Tho' lusty Roger there had been,
 Or little George upon the green,
 Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
 To make an end of all his wooing;
 The parson for him staid:

Yet

Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid! — and thereby hangs a tale —
For such a maid no Whiffan Ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape, that's kindly ripe, cou'd be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Wou'd not stay on, which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth, for out it must,
It look'd like the great collar just
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light;
But oh! she dances such a way,
No fun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
She wou'd not do't in light;
And then she looks as who shou'd say,
I will do what I list to-day,
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone:

For

For streaks of red were mingled there
Such as on the Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her chin;
Some bee had stung it newly :
But Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing shou'd be any sin,
The priest himself had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely ;
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It wou'd have spoil'd him surely.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train-band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To say to be intreated ?

And

And that the very reason was,
Before the parson cou'd say grace,
The company was seated.

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is as fit that men shou'd eat,
Nor was it there deny'd:
Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that, that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
Healts first go round, and then the house;
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who cou'd help it, Dick?

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance,
And sit again, and sigh and glance;
Then dance again and kiss:
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside,
To counsel and address the bride;
But that he must not know;
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came, Dick, there she lay,
Like new-fall'n snow, melting away;
'Twas time, I trow, to part:

Kisses

Kisses were now their only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who wou'd say,
Good bye, with all my heart.

But, just as heav'n wou'd have, to cross it,
In came the bride-maids with the posset,
The bridegroom eat in spite;
For had he left the women to't,
It wou'd have cost two hours to do't
• Which were too much at night.

At length the candle's out, and now
All that they had not done, they do;
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more,
Than thou and I had done before
With Bridget and with Nell.

SONG 300.

LITTLE Syren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty Warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire.

Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeeblor of the heart;
Oh too pleasing is thy strain!
Hence to southern climes again.

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell:
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

SONG

SONG 301.

DEscend each goddess, don't delay,
 Come see the little Cupids play,
 And hover round the grove:
 Hark how the sprightly warbling train
 Their notes extend, to entertain
 The am'rous queen of love.

Let Jove command his godlike choir,
 Send down gay Mercury once more
 T' advance the graceful air:
 Let Zephyrus his gentle breeze
 Send coolly whisp'ring thro' the trees,
 To fan the charming fair.

See how yon youthful nymphs and swains
 Surround the distant rural plains,
 T' adorn the blooming spring:
 Fair Flora's gaudy sparkling dress,
 The hills and valleys too caress,
 While Syrens sit and sing.

SONG 302.

YE warblers, while Strephon I moan,
 To cheer me your harmony bring,
 Unless, since my shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor Phyllis to sing.
 Each flower declines its sweet head,
 Nor odours around we will throw,
 While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
 Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each

Each rural amusement I try
 In vain to restore my past ease;
 What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
 Has now lost the power to please.
 Ye seasons, that brighten the grove,
 Not long for your absence we mourn;
 But Strephon neglects me, and roves,
 He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the spring is my dear,
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd;
 His smiles, like the summer, can cheer,
 Ah! why then, like winter, unkind.
 Unkind he is not, I can prove;
 But tender to others can be,
 To Celia and Chloe makes love,
 And only is cruel to me.

SONG 303.

IN low'ring clouds the day was dress'd,
 The wintry tempest blew;
 When Fanny, o'er her snowy breast,
 A sable tippet threw.
 Then Cupid thus said, naked, I
 Must bear the piercing wind;
 Beneath that tippet let me lie,
 And kindly shelter find.

That trifling favour shall be thine,
 The pitying maid reply'd;
 But first that useless bow resign,
 And lay those darts aside.
 The joyful God, with eager haste,
 The graceful air obey'd;

And

And on her soft, delicious breast,
His shiv'ring limbs he laid.

At length I taste a joy sincere,
Cry'd out the happy God ;
O let me, living ever here,
Maintain this blest abode :
But soon he felt more piercing cold,
Than e'er before he knew ;
And, forc'd to quit his heav'nly hold,
He strait to Paphos flew.

S O N G 304.

TH E hounds are all out, and the morning
does peep ;
Why, how now, you sluggardly sot !
How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,
While we all on horseback are got,
My brave boy ?
While we all on horseback are got.

I cannot get up, for the over-night's cup
So terribly lies in my head ;
Besides, my wife cries, My dear do not rise,
But cuddle me longer in bed,
My dear boy ;
But cuddle me longer in bed.

Come, on with your boots, and saddle your mare,
Nor tire us with longer delay ;
The cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,
Will chase all dull vapours away,
My brave boy ;
Will chase all dull vapours away.

S O N G 305.

YOUTH's a season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty ;
 She alone, who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty :
 Let's be gay
 While we may,
 Beauty's a flow'r despis'd in decay.
Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow ;
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow :
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows a return of spring.
Let us drink, &c.

S O N G 306.

OF all the simple things we do,
 To rub over a whimsical life,
 There's no one folly is so true,
 As that very bad bargain, 'a wife.
 We're just like a mouse in a trap,
 Or vermin caught in a gin ;
 We sweat and fret, and try to escape,
 And curse the sad hour we came in.

I gam'd, and drank, and play'd the fool,
 And a thousand mad frolics more ;

I rov'd and rang'd, despis'd all rule,
 But I never was marry'd before;
 This was the worst plague cou'd ensue;
 I'm mew'd in a smoaky house;
 I us'd to tope a bottle or two,
 But now 'tis small beer with my spouse.

My darling freedom crown'd my joys,
 And I never was vex'd in my way;
 If now I cross her will, her noise
 Makes my lodging too hot for to stay:
 Like a fox that is hamper'd, in vain
 I fret out my heart and my soul;
 Walk to and fro the length of my chain,
 Then am forc'd to creep into my hole.

SONG 307.

STREPON, with native freedom blest'd,
 No passion long could move;
 No gentle flame glow'd in his breast,
 Nor ever thought of love.
 Whene'er he view'd the shining fair,
 'Twas coldly and uncharm'd;
 Nor shape, nor features, nor an air,
 His icy bosom warm'd.

Oft did he bid his fellow swains
 Of dangerous love beware;
 And often in unhallow'd strains
 Prophan'd the tender fair:
 But Venus, zealous to assert
 Her honour without stain,
 Bid love prepare a chosen dart
 To wound the savage swain.

Now

Now Strephon loves the coldest maid
 That ever gave despair ;
 The earth is nightly all his bed,
 His covering the cold air.
 Pygmalion thus, as poets write,
 Was doom'd by sentence just,
 For like prophaneness and despite,
 To love a marble bust.

S O N G 308.

THE nymph that seems to love inclin'd
 Is ever lovely seen :
 Has wisdom's goddess in her mind,
 And fair as beauty's queen.
And fair, &c.

Chaste as Aurora's dewy show'r
 That purifies the morn,
 And drops its sweets on ev'ry flow'r
 That does her neck adorn.
That does, &c.

Her cheeks are like the op'ning rose,
 That blushes at it's sweets ;
 Her breath such odours does disclose,
 Perfumes what e'er it meets.
Perfumes, &c.

Her lily breasts are like young doves,
 With innocence blest ;
 And at each other trembling move,
 As fearful to be prest.
As fearful, &c.

Such

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Such is the nymph, and such my love,
 With all her native charms ;
 Protect her then, ye pow'rs above,
 To bless Philander's arms.
To bless, &c.

S O N G 309.

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee :
 I'll visit oft the birken bush,
 Where first you kindly told me,
 Soft tales of love, and hid my blush,
 While round you did enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
 By green-wood shade or fountain ;
 Or where the summer's day I'd share
 With thee upon yon mountain :
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart that cannot wander.

S O N G 310.

SAY, Silvia, shall I speak or die ?
 My heart is bursting with a sigh :
My heart, &c.
 Let it have vent, oh ! hear the plea
 Of love and strict sincerity.
Of love, &c.

The

The swain who tells his passion best,
Is ever thought to feel it least ;

Is ever thought, &c.

Yet must my coward tongue begin ;
For silence ne'er did beauty win.

For silence, &c.

It is our duty first to speak,
The forms of nice decorum break ;

The forms, &c.

The blush of yielding to prevent,
And from a languish steal consent.

And from a languish, &c.

To rack my brain for simile,
And strive to liken aught to thee,

And strive, &c.

Would eloquence, not passion prove :
Your likeness would divide my love.

Your likeness, &c.

Safe then the lily and the rose,
May, uncompar'd, their sweets disclose :

May, uncompar'd, &c.

If Silvia's conquer'd, it shall be
By love and strict sincerity.

By love, &c.

S O N G 311.

I Seek not at once in a female to find
The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind :
Let the girl that I love have but prudence in
view,

That tho' she deceive I may still think her true.

E c 2

Be

Be her person not beauteous, but comely and
clean,

Let her temper be cloudless and open her mein:

By folly, ill nature nor vanity led,

Nor indebted to paint for white or for red.

For white, &c.

May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of
the sex,

Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex;

Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest;

For prudes I despise, and coquets I detest.

May her humour the taste of the company hit;

Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit.

Go find out the fair that is form'd on my lap,

And I'll love her for ever—I mean if I can.

I mean, &c.

S O N G 312.

WH Y heaves my fond bosom, ah! what
can it mean?

Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?

Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne
is near?

Or why when she's absent this sorrow and fear?

Or why when she's absent, &c.

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy
face;

Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find,
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by
thy mind.

With thy face, &c.

Untainted

Untainted with folly, unsullied by pride,
 There native good-humour and virtue reside;
 Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
 With compassion for him, who without thee
 must die.

With compassion, &c.

S O N G 313.

HITHER sweet Ulysses haste,
 Manly beauty come and taste,
 What the pow'rs of bliss unfold;
 Joys too mighty to be told :

Joys too mighty, &c.

Taste what extasies they give;
 Dying raptures taste and live :

Taste what extasies, &c.

Lavish nature sheds her store,
 Thrilling Joys, unfelt before;
 Sweetly languishing desires,
 Fierce delights and am'rous fires;

Fierce delights, &c.

Sweetest, dost thou yet delay?
 Manly beauty come away.

Sweetest, &c.

List not when the froward chide,
 Sons of pedantry and pride;
 Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
 April sunshine is offence :

April sunshine, &c.

Envious age alone decries
 Pleasures which from love arise.

Envious age, &c.

Come, in pleasure's palmy bowl,
 Slake the thirsting of thy soul,
 'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are faint;
 Joys too exquisite to paint:
Joys too exquisite, &c.
 Sweetest, dost thou yet delay?
 Manly beauty come away.
Sweetest, &c.

S O N G 314.

C O M E Rosalind, oh! come and see
 What pleasures are in store for thee,
 The fields in all their sweets appear,
 The trees their gayest beauties wear.
 The joyful birds in ev'ry grove,
 Now warble out their songs of love:
Now warble, &c.
 For thee they sing and roses bloom,
 And Collin thee invites to come,
And Collin, &c.

Come Rosalind and Collin join;
 My tender flocks and all are thine.
 If love and Rosalind be here
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.
'Tis May, &c.
 Come see a cottage and a swain:
 Thou couldst my love nor gifts disdain.
 Leave all behind, nor longer stay,
 For Collin calls——then haste away.
For Collin calls, &c.

SONG 315.

HOW blithe was I each morn to see
 My swain come o'er the hill;
 He leapt the brook and flew to me,
 I met him with good will.
 I never wanted ewe nor lamb,
 While his flocks near me lay:
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me all the day.
*O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 Where lost was my repose;*
 I wish I was with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 The fleecy sheep stood still, and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
 While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play;
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
 Could I but faithful be?
 He stole my heart, could I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
 Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

SONG

SONG 316.

I'LL sing of my lover all night and all day,
 He's ever good-natur'd and frolic and gay;
 His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
 And well on his bag-pipe my shepherd can play,
 And a bonny young lad is my Jockey.

He says that he loves me, & am witty and fair,
 And praises my eyes, my lips and my hair,
 Rose, violet nor lily with me can compare;
 If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty I swear. *And, &c.*

He kneel'd at my feet, and with many a sigh,
 He cry'd O! my dear will you never comply;
 If you mean to destroy me, why do it I'll die;
 I trembled all over and answer'd not I. *And, &c.*

Around the tall may-pole he dances so neat,
 And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat;
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
 His looks are so kind and his kisses so sweet;

At eve, when the sun seeks repose in the west,
 And may's tuneful choirists all skim to their nest,
 When I meet on \S green \S dear boy I love best,
 My heart is just ready to burst from my breast.
Such a bonny, &c.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd by dew,
 Come come my dear shepherd I wait but for you,
 We live for each other both constant and true,
 And taste the soft raptures no monarch e'er knew.
And a bonny, &c.

SONG 317.

'TWAS in the bloom of May,
 When odours breath around,
 When nymphs are blithe and gay,
 And all with mirth abound,

That

That happily I stray'd,
 To view my fleecy care;
 Where I beheld a maid,
 No mortal e'er so fair.
No mortal, &c.

A shepherd's daughter she,
 Who from a neighb'ring town,
 My rival flocks to see,
 Had new forsook her own;
 She wore upon her head
 A bonnet made of straw,
 Which such a face did shade
 As Phœbus never saw.
As Phœbus, &c.

Her locks of nut-brown hue
 A round-ear'd coif conceal'd,
 Which to my pleasing view
 A sporting breeze reveal'd.
 Beneath her slender waist
 A scrip embroider'd hung;
 The lute her fingers grac'd,
 Accompanied with a song.
Accompanied, &c.

So soft, yet sweet a note,
 Cuzzoni might regale,
 Or Philomela's throat,
 That warbles thro' the vale.
 Charm'd with her tuneful strain,
 The swains admiring gaze,
 And herds upon the plain
 Awhile forgot to graze,
Awhile forgot, &c.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with her charming song,
 Her winning shape and air,
 Into her arms I sprung,
 And caught the yielding fair:
 The yielding fair obey'd
 The sacred laws of love;
 That pow'r which ev'ry maid
 Must late or early prove.
Must late, &c.

S O N G 318.

AS Cloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began; Where so long cou'd
 you stay?

In your life-time you never regarded your hour:
 You promis'd at two, and (pray look child) 'tis
 four.

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels:
 'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and
 seals.

A temper so heedless no mortal can bear——
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
 Lord bless me! said she; let a body but
 speak:

Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my
 neck:

It has hurt me, and vex't me to such a degree——
 See here; for you never believe me; pray see,
 On the left side my breast what a mark it
 has made.

So saying, her bosom she careless display'd,
 That seat of delight I with wonder sur-
 vey'd;

And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

S O N G

S O N G 319.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight and
 my pride,
 I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ;
 I dwell on her praises where ever I go,
 They say I'm in love, but I answer no, no.
They say, &c.

At evening oft times with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand, I'll be with you at tea;
 My heart how it bounds when I hear her below;
 But say not its love, for I answer, no, no.
But say not, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain;
 Again, I cry, Jenny, sweet Jenny again;
 I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow;
 But say not its love, for I answer, no, no.
But say not, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee;
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me;
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so:
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers no,
 no.
Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit and good humour how I,
 Shou'd prudence advise, and compel me to fly:
 Thy bounty, O fortune make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her or still I'll say no.
And let me, &c.

S O N G

S O N G 320.

HONEST lover, whosoever,
 If in all thy love there ever
 Was one thought to make thy flame
 Not still even, still the same ;
 Know this, thou lov'st amiss,
 And, to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when she first appears i'th' room,
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
 And in striving this to cover,
 Dost not speak thy words twice over ;
 Know this, &c.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
 And all defects for graces take ;
 Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
 When she has little or nothing spoken.
 Know this, &c.

If thou appear'st to be within,
 And dost not make men ask again ;
 And when thou answer'st, if it be
 To what was ask'd thee, properly ;
 Know this, &c.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
 Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat ;
 And, with much gazing on her face,
 Dost not rise hungry from the place ;
 Know this, &c.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And, desiring to love true,
Dost not begin to love anew,
Know this, &c.

S O N G 321.

ON tree-top'd hill or turfed green,
While yet Aurora's vest is seen :
While yet, &c.
Before the sun has left the sea,
Let the fresh morning breathe on me.
Let the fresh, &c.

To furze-blown heath or pasture mead,
Do thou my happy footsteps lead ;
Do thou, &c.
Then shew me to the pleasing stream,
Of which at night so oft I dream.
Of which at night, &c.

At noon the mazy wood I'll tread,
With autumn leaves and dry moss spread,
With autumn, &c.
And cooling fruits for thee prepare ;
For sure I think thou wilt be there.
For sure, &c.

'Till birds begin their evening song,
With thee the time seems never long ;
With thee, &c.
O let us speak our love that's past,
And count how long it has to last.
And count, &c.

I'll say eternally, and thou
 Shalt only look as kind as now ;
Shalt only look, &c.

I ask no more, for that affords,
 What is not in the force of words.
What is not, &c.

S O N G 322.

MORTALS wisely learn to measure
 Life by the extent of joy :
 Life is short and fleeting pleasure,
 Then be gay
 While you may,
 And your hours in mirth employ.

Never let a mistress pain you,
 Tho' she meets you with disdain ;
 Fly to wine, 'twill soon unchain you,
 Cheer the heart,
 And all smart,
 In a sweet oblivion drown.

If love's fiercer flames should seize thee,
 To some gentle maid repair ;
 She'll with soft endearments ease thee.
 On her breast,
 Lull'd to rest,
 Eas'd of love and free from care.

Friendship, wine and love united,
 From all ills defend the mind ;
 By them guarded and delighted,
 Happy state,
 Smile at fate,
 And leave sorrows to the wind.

SONG

S O N G 323.

WHEN Chloe first young Collin saw,
 Approach with modest, distant awe
 In habit neat and plain ;
 The simple maid, too fond of brains,
 Of idle pomp and glitt'ring shews,
 Despis'd the honest swain :
 Wrapt up in pleasures of the town,
 She look'd on Colin as a clown,
 And still the burden of her song
 Was court me not, I'm yet too young,
And still, &c.

But he, well-vers'd in female art,
 Soon div'd into the fair-one's heart,
 Thro' all her little pride ;
 And is it thus you disapprove
 My faithful flame, my ardent love ?
 The gen'rous youth reply'd ;
 Can tinsel charms your heart engan ?
 A fop's the shadow of a man.
 Yet still the burden of her song
 Was court me not, I'm yet too young,
Yet still, &c.

My dear, said he, as you are fair
 Be wise, and shun the gilded snare
 Of fopp'ry and grimace :
 Where health and honesty of soul,
 Diffuse their vigour thro' the whole,
 How vain are gems and lace ?
 These words alarm'd the curious maid,
 Who straight the blooming youth survey'd ;
 F f 2 Then

Then faintly, with a fault'ring tongue,
 Cry'd, court me not, I'm yet too young.
Then faintly, &c.

With manly pride, adown his neck
 His raven locks their ringlets break;
 Health glitter'd in his eyes;
 While youth and vigour both conspire
 To kindle love, enflame desire,
 And bid soft wishes rise,
 The nymph receiv'd an ardent kiss,
 As earnest of her future bliss;
 Then chang'd the burden of her song
 To court me now, I'm not too young.
Then chang'd, &c.

SONG 324.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
 And while they warble from the spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, *Amanda*, timely wise,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies;
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of *Invermay*.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear,
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade;
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of *Invermay*.

The

The lavrocks now and lintwhite sing,
 The rocks around with echoes ring;
 The mavis and the black-bird vye,
 In tuneful strains to glad the day;
 The woods now wear their summer suits;
 To mirth all nature now invites:
 Let us be blythsome then and gay
 Among the birks of *Broermay*.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of *Invermay*.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of *Invermay*.

S O N G 325.

MY foger laddie is over the sea,
 And hewill bring gold and money to me,
And he will, &c.
 And when he comes home he'll make me a lady;
 My blessing gang with my foger laddie.
My blessing, &c.

My lovely laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a foger and love behave,
And can, &c.

He's true to his country, to love he is steady;
There's few to compare to my foger laddie.
There's few, &c.

Shield him, ye angels, from death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my longing arms,
Return him, &c.

Since from all my care you'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my foger ye gi'e me.
When back, &c.

Oh! soon may his honours bloom fair on his
brow,
As quickly they must, if he gets his due,
As quickly, &c.

For in noble actions his courage is ready;
Which makes me delight in my foger laddie.
Which makes, &c.

SONG 326.

I Am a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I bear a contented mind:
I am a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I'll find another more kind:
For altho' I be forsaken,
Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was so ill provided,
But I'd two 'r three strings to my bow.

I own'd that once I lov'd him,
But his scorn I could never endure;

Nor

Nor yet to that height of perfection,
 For his flights to love him the more.
 I own he was very engaging,
 Yet this I would have you to know,
 I ne'er was so ill provided,
 But I'd two 'r three strings to my bow.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
 And are unto loving inclin'd;
 Mens minds they are subject to changing,
 And wav'ring like the wind:
 Each object creates a new fancy,
 Then this I would have you to do;
 Be easy and free, and take pattern by me,
 And keep two 'r three strings to your bow.

S O N G 327.

WHEN high hills and lofty mountains,
 And the vales were hid in snow,
 By the murmuring of the fountains,
 Where the silent waters flow,
 There fair Flora sat complaining,
 For the absence of her swain;
 Crying Jemmy, lovely Jemmy,
 Shall we never meet again?

Flora's beauty was surprizing,
 Bright as Phœbus was her eyes,
 And her cloathing highland plaiddie,
 Like the rainbow in the skies:
 She each minute to the spinnet,
 Did repeat the pleasing sound;
 Crying Jemmy, lovely Jemmy,
 Shall we never meet again.

She

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She who was so fair and charming,
 Made the vocal hills resound ;
 Gods in pity heard her ditty,
 And, like mortals, her surround :
 Cupid and the queen of beauty,
 Promised to bring back the swain,
 Crying Flora, beauteous creature,
 Jemmy shall return again.

When the winter storms are over,
 He shall then return to you ;
 On the banks of pinks and lilies,
 You your pleasure shall renew :
 To the tabor lambs shall caper,
 Larks and linnets sweetly sing ;
 Crying Jemmy, lovely Jemmy,
 Welcome home to me again.

S O N G 328.

IN Charles the second's golden days,
 When loyalty no harm meant,
 A zealous high-church-man I was,
 And so I got preferment :
 To teach my flock I never mis'd,
 Kings are by God appointed ;
 And damn'd are those that do resist
 Or touch the lord's anointed.
And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,
 And pop'ry grew in fashion,

The

The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the declaration :
 The church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution,
 And I had been a Jesuit
 But for the Revolution.
And this is, &c.

When William was our king declar'd
 To ease the nation's grievance,
 With this new wind about I steer'd
 And swore to him allegiance :
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance ;
 Passive obedience was a joke,
 A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
 The church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory :
 Occasional-conformists base,
 I damn'd their moderation ;
 And thought the church in danger was
 By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er
 And mod'rate men look'd big, sir,
 I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
 And so became a whig, sir :
 And thus preferment I procur'd
 From our new faith's defender,
 And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th'

Th' illustrious house of Hanover
 And protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear
 While they can keep possession;
 For in my faith and loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be
 Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

S O N G 329.

THE beau with his delicate womanish face,
 Whose merit all lays in a feather and lace,
 The proud, the immoral, the coward, the vain,
 May sue for my love, but will meet with disdain.
 The dunce I detest, and whose wit is severe;
 I sicken whenever a sycophant's near;
 The brute that's ill-manner'd disorders one
 much,
 And I'd die an old maid e'er I'd couple with
 such.

But he in whom sense and politeness are join'd,
 Whose study has been to embellish his mind,
 Whose pleasures ne'er injure his health nor his
 purse,
 Is fit to be taken for better for worse;
 Whose wit has no gall, and whose tongue no
 deceit,
 Whose nature is noble, his conduct discreet,
 Ne'er knew any fear but to hurt or offend,
 If he questions my heart he will find it his
 friend.

S O N G

SONG 330.

AS Chloe on flowers reclin'd o'er the stream,
She sigh'd to the breeze, and made Collin
her theme ;

Tho' pleasant the stream, and tho' cooling the
breeze,

And the flowers tho' fragrant, she panted for
ease,

And the flowers, &c.

The stream it was fickle and hasted away,
It kiss'd the sweet banks, but no longer would
stay ;

Tho' beauteous inconstant, and faithless tho' fair ;
Ah ! Collin, look in, and behold thyself there,

Ah ! Collin, look in, &c.

The breeze that so sweet on her bosom did
play,

Now rose to a tempest, and darken'd the day ;
As soft as the breeze, and as loud as the wind,

Such Collin when angry, and Collin when kind,
Such Collin when, &c.

The flowers, when gather'd so beauteous and
sweet,

Now fade on her bosom, and die at her feet ;
As fair in their bloom, and as foul in decay,

Such Collin when present, and Collin away,
Such Collin when, &c.

In rage and despair from the ground she arose,
And from her the flowers so faded she throws ;
She

She weeps in the stream, and she sighs to the
wind,
And resolves to drive Collin quite out of her
mind,
And resolves, &c.

But what her resolves when her Collin appear'd?
The stream it stood still, and no tempest was
heard;
The flowers recover'd their beautiful hue,
She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true.
She found, &c.

S O N G 331.

I Sing not of battles that now are to cease,
Nor carols my muse in the praise of a
peace;
But to shew that she's oft in good company seen,
She humbly begs leave to sing monsieur Pantin.
She humbly begs, &c.

Examine all round, and at length you will own,
His likenesses daily are met with in town;
Then let me my song undisturbed begin,
And shew all his brothers to monsieur Pantin.
And shew, &c.

And first, pray observe that fine thing made for
shew,
That compound of powder and nonsense, a beau:
So limber his joints, and so strange in his mein,
That you cry as he walks, look you, there's a
Pantin,
That you cry, &c.

How

How oft have you heard that the ladies love
change,

And from one entertainment to t' other will
range ?

In this they are constant, what difference was
seen,

When they lay down the Fribble and took the
Pantin ?

When they, &c.

Then all you fair lasses, who bloom like the
morn,

Who seek not your beauties by art to adorn ;
When I see on your bosoms this little machine,
I own I am jealous of happy Pantin.

I own, &c.

Ye youths who have parts, tho' ye never wear
lace,

No longer let foppings your merit disgrace,
But attack the fair maid with a resolute main,
Till she clasp her young lover and burn her
Pantin.

Till she clasp, &c.

S O N G 332.

AT Upton on a hill
There lives a happy pair,
The swain his name is Will,
And Molly is the fair :

Ten years are gone and more
Since Hymen join'd these two,
Their hearts were one before
The sacred rites they knew.

G g

Since

Since which auspicious day
 Sweet harmony does reign ;
 Both love and both obey :
 Hear this each nymph and swain
 If, haply, cares invade
 (As who is free from care)
 Th' impresson's lighter made
 By taking each a share.

Pleas'd with a calm retreat
 They've no ambitious view ;
 In plenty live, not state,
 Nor envy those that do.
 Sure pomp is empty noise,
 And cares encrease with wealth ;
 They aim at truer joys,
 Tranquillity and health.

With safety and with ease
 Their present life does flow,
 They fear no raging seas
 Nor rocks that lurk below :
 May still a steady gale
 Their little bark attend,
 And gently fill each sail
 Till life itself shall end.

SONG 333.

WHAT tho' they call me country lass,
 I read it plainly in my glass,
 That for a dutchess I might pass,
 Oh could I see the day !

Would

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Would fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring, at ball,
I'd brave the proudest of them all,
With a stand by ! — clear the way !

Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,
With smart toupées, and powder'd cloaths,
At rivals I'd turn up my nose ;
Oh could I see the day !
I'd dart such glances from these eyes,
Shall make some nobleman my prize,
And then, oh how I'd tyrannize !
With a stand by ! — clear the way !

O then for grandeur and delight,
For equipage, and diamonds bright,
And flambeaux, that outshine the light ;
Oh could I see the day !
Thus ever easy, ever gay,
Quadrille shall wear the night away,
And pleasure crown the growing day ;
With a stand by ! — clear the way !

S O N G 334.

R I N G, ring the bar bell of the world,
Great Bacchus calls for wine ;
Haste, pierce the globe, its juices drain,
To whet him e'er he dine.

Have you not heard the bottle cluck,
When first you've poured forth ?
The globe shall cluck, as soon as tapp'd,
To brood such sons of worth.

When

When this world's out, more worlds we'll have,
 Who dare oppose the call?
 If he had twice ten thousand worlds,
 E'er night we'd drink them all.

See! see! our drawer Atlas comes;
 His cask upon his back;
 Haste! drink and swill, let's booze amain,
 Till all our girdles crack.

Apollo cry'd, let's drink amain,
 Lest time should go astray;
 We'll make time drunk, the rest reply'd,
 We Gods can make a day.

Brave Hercules, who took the hint,
 Required time to drink,
 And made him gorge such potent down,
 That time forgot to think.

Unthinking time thus overcome,
 And nonpluss'd in the vast,
 Dissolv'd in the æthereal world,
 Sigh'd languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now Time's no more, let's drink away;
 Hang flinching, make no words:
 Like true-born bacchanalian souls,
 We'll get as drunk as lords.

SONG 335.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 In glided Marg'ret's pale-ey'd ghost
 And stood at William's feet. Her

Her face was like the April morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud;
 And clay-cold was her lily hand,
 That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown;
 Such is the robes that kings must wear,
 When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r,
 That sips the silver dew;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 And opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime;
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
 She dy'd before her time.

Awake, she cry'd, thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the mirk and fearful hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain;
 Now dreary graves give up their dead,
 To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William of thy fault,
 Thy pledge, and broken oath;
 And give me back my maiden vow,
 And give me back my troth.

How cou'd you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How cou'd you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

How cou'd you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
And leave those eyes to weep ?

How cou'd you say my lips were sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair,
These lips no longer red ;
Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear ;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till the last morn appear.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence,
A long and last adieu !
Come set, false man, how low she lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
And shew her glitt'ring head ;
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
Then raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place,
Where Marg'ret's body lay ;

And

And stretch'd him on the green grass-turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spake never more.

S O N G 336.

YE sacred nine, inspire my soul,
Auspicious, hear my tale,
Whilst I in verse the charms rehearse
Of Nanny of the vale.

The azure flowers that blow in May,
At sight of her look pale,
They fade and pine, their charms resign
To Nanny of the vale.

Let rakes, despising virtuous love,
At wedlock's fetters rail,
They'd soon forget the town coquet
For Nanny of the vale.

A garland I composed, whose scents
Impregn the western gale,
With myrtle gay, and cheerful bay
For Nanny of the vale.

Grant me, kind heaven, with her to live,
Who can my mind regale,
Each place to me would cheerful be
With Nanny of the vale.

SONG 337.

SMILE, smile Britannia, smile,
 Thy genius comes again,
 To guard thy fruitful Isle
 And thunder o'er the main ;
 Thy gallant sons disdain the ease,
 Now crown thee mistress of the seas.
 Now crown, &c.

While dauntless they advance,
 And bid the canons roar,
 They'll scourge the pride of France,
 And shake th' imperial shore,
 Deriding trumpets o'er the waves,
 With courage never known to slaves.
 With courage, &c.

The deck all stain'd with blood,
 The bullets wing'd with fate,
 The wide and restless Flood,
 Cannot the rage abate.
 In Anson and in Warren wake
 The souls of Ruffel and of Blake.
 The souls, &c.

Britons pursue the blow,
 Like sons of freedom fight ;
 Convince the haughty foe,
 That you'll maintain your right ;
 Defiance bid to France and Spain,
 Assert your empire o'er the Main.
 Assert your empire, &c.

SONG

S O N G 338.

Britons where is your great magnanimity,
 Where's your boasted courage flown?
 Quite perverted to pusillanimity,
 Scare to call your souls your own.

What your ancestors won so victoriously,
 Crown'd with conquest in the field,
 You'd relinquish, and O! most ingloriously,
 To oppression tamely yield.

Freedom now for her flight makes preparative,
 See her weeping quit the shore;
 Britain's loss will be then past comparative,
 Never to behold her more.

Gracious gods, to assist, exurgitate,
 Stretch forth your vindictive hand,
 Make oppressors their plunder regurgitate,
 And preserve a sinking land.

S O N G 339.

Young I am, and yet unskill'd,
 How to make a lover yield;
 How to keep and how to gain;
 When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
 While I yet am young and true;
 E'er I can my soul disguise,
 Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray :
He that has me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a janty mein,
I should long to be fifteen.

S O N G 340.

BEfore the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow ;
And more, that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn :
Stole all the sweets that æther sheds
On primrose buds or vi'let beds,
On primrose buds or vi'let beds.

Still, to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the graces filken smiles ;
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth :
The cherry dipt in morning dew
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.
Gave moisture, &c.

These were her infant spoils, a store
To which in time she added more ;
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' queen
Her air and love-commanding mein :
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas sense to charm the soul.
From Pallas, &c.

Apollo's

Apollo's wit was next her prey,
 Her next the beam that lights the day ;
 She sung, amaz'd the Syrens heard
 And to assert their voice appear'd :
 She play'd, the Muses from the hill
 Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill.
Wonder'd who thus, &c.

Great Jove approv'd her crimes and art,
 And t'other day she stole my heart.
 If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
 Exert thy vengeance on this fair ;
 To trial bring her stol'n charms,
 And let her prison be my arms.
And let her prison be my arms.

S O N G 341.

OH! how could I venture to love one like
 thee,
 Or thou not despise a poor conquest like me ?
 On Lords thy admirers could'ft look with disdain,
 And tho' I was nothing, yet pity my pain !

You said, while they teaz'd you with nonsense
 and dress,
 When real the passion, the vanity's less ;
 You saw thro' that silence which others despise,
 And, while beaux were talking, read love in
 my eyes.

Oh ! when shall I fold you, & kiss all your charms,
 'Till, fainting with pleasure, I die in your arms ;
 Thro' all the wild raptures of extasy tost,
 'Till, sinking together, together we're lost ?

Oh !

Oh! where is the maid that like thee ne'er can
cloy,

Whose wit can enliven the dull pause of joy ;
And when the short transports are all at an end,
From beautiful mistress, turn sensible friend ?

In vain could I praise you, or strive to reveal,
Too nice for expression, what only we feel ;
In all that you do, in each look and each mien,
The Graces in waiting adorn you unseen.

When I see you, I love you, but hearing adore ;
I wonder, and think you a woman no more ;
'Till, mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And, kissing those lips, you grow woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair ?
I'll gaze on thy beauty, and look away care ;
I'll ask thy advice when with trouble oppress'd,
Which never displeases, but always is best.

In all that I write, I'll thy judgment require ;
Thy taste shall correct what thy love did in-
spire ;
I'll kiss thee, and press thee, 'till youth is all
o'er,
And then live on friendship, when passion's no
more.

SONG 342.

WHEN absent from my soul's delight,
What cold suspicions freeze my breast ?
Once more return'd to thy lov'd sight,
Hope too returns, my fears have rest.

IF

If the light hair curl but a wave,
Move but a leaf, or bend a flow'r,
Fears for your safety never leave
This heart, the victim of your pow'r.

In love there's no true happiness,
It's cares are far superior found ;
A dawning hope we scarce possess,
Ere 'tis in some new sorrow drown'd.

SONG 343.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly ;
Behold the wintry storms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the sky.
A gentle radiance glads the sky.
The birds awake, the flowers appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;
'Tis joy and music all we hear,
'Tis love and beauty all we see.
'Tis love, &c.

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
How peeps the bud, the blossom blows ;
Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose :
And perfect, &c.

Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day ;
For soon, too soon, it will be night.
Arise, my love, and come away.
Arise, my love, &c.

SONG 345.

D ID you see e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs,
pass this way,
Crown'd with myrtle and all the gay verdure of
May?

'Tis my Strephon, O bring him once more to
my eyes,

From his Lucy in search of new pleasure he flies.
All day have I travell'd and toil'd o'er the plains,
In pursuit of a rebel that's scarce worth my
pains.

In' pursuit of a rebel, &c.

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters
and swears,

How you trust your own eyes, or believe your
own ears:

Like the rose-bud in June, every hand they'll
invite,

But wound the kind heart, like the thorn out
of sight,

And, trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd de-
tains,

She will find him a conquest that's scarce worth
her pains.

She will find him, &c.

Three months at my feet did he languish and
sigh,

Ere he gain'd a kind look or a tender reply;
Love, honour and truth, were the themes that
he sung,

And he swore that his heart was a-kin to his
tongue.

Too

Too soon I believ'd, and replied to his strains,
And gave him, too frankly, my heart for his
pains. *And gave him, &c.*

The trifle once gain'd, like a child at his play,
Soon the wanton grew weary, and threw it
away ;

Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he
does fly,

In search of another as silly as I.

But, trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd de-
tains,

She will find him a conquest that's scarce worth
her pains.

She will find him, &c.

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you soothe the
fond flame,

And believe me, in time all the sex are the
same ;

Like my Strephon, from beauty to beauty will
range,

Like him they will flatter, dissemble and change ;

And do all we can, still this maxim remains,

That a man, when we've got him, is scarce
worth the pains.

That a man, &c.

SONG 346.

WITH every grace young Strephon chose,
His person to adorn,
That by the beauties of his face,
In Sylvia's love he might find place,
And wonder'd at her scorn.

H h a

With

With bows and smiles he did his part,
 But ah! 'twas all in vain;
 A youth less fine, a youth of art
 Had talk'd himself into her heart,
 And would not out again.

With change of habits Strephon press'd,
 And urg'd her to admire:
 His love alone the other drest,
 As verse or prose became it best,
 And mov'd her soft desire.

This found, his courtship Strephon ends,
 Or makes it to his glass;
 There in himself now seeks amends,
 Convinc'd that where a wit pretends,
 A beau is but an ass.

SONG 347.

FAIR is the swan, the ermin white,
 And fair the lily, the lily of the vale,
 The moon, resplendant queen of night,
 And snows that drive before the gale:
 In fairness these the rest excell,
 But fairer is my Isabel.
In fairness, &c.

Sweet is the vi'let, sweet the rose,
 And sweet the morning breath of May;
 Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
 And sweet the winding woodbines stray.
 In sweetness these the rest excell,
 But sweeter is my Isabel.
In sweetness, &c.

Constant

Constant the poets call the dove,
 And am'rous they the sparrow call ;
 Fond is the sky-lark of his love,
 And fond the feather'd lovers all :
 In fondness these the rest excell,
 But fonder I of Isabel.
In fondness, &c.

S O N G 348.

IN all the sex some charms I find,
 I love to try all womankind,
 The smart, the fair the witty :
The smart, &c.
 In Cupid's fetters most severe,
 I languish'd out the long, long year,
 The slave of wanton Kitty.
The slave, &c.

At length I broke the galling chain,
 And swore that love was endless pain,
 One constant scene of folly : *One constant, &c.*
 I vow'd no more to wear the yoke,
 But soon I felt a second stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly.
And sigh'd, &c.

With tresses next of flaxen hue,
 Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder alley ;
That lives, &c.
 Then Cupid threw another snare,
 And caught me in the curling hair
 Of little tempting Sally.
Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young,
My roving heart from bondage sprung,
This heart of yielding mettle;
This heart, &c.

And now it wanders here and there,
By turns the prize of brown and fair,
But never more will settle.
But never more, &c.

SONG 349.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twil enliven
the heart,

While thus we sit round on the grass:
The lover who talks of his sufferings and smart
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
Deserves, &c.

The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf
And wishes to add to the mass;
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
Deserves, &c.

The beau, who so smart in his well-powder'd
An angel beholds in his glass; [hair,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate may
Of Croesus the wealth to surpass; [roam,
And oft' while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on an ass.
Claps the horns, &c.

The

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
 With forehead well cover'd with brass;
 Tho' he talks to no purpose he pockets your fee,
 There you, my good friend, are the ass.
There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows every ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this class;
 The sick man awhile may confide in his skill,
 But death proves the doctor an ass.
But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take the bottle and lass;
 For he who his pleasures puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
Deserves, &c.

SONG 350.

HOW blest has my time been, what days
 have I known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Polly my
 own?
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.
That freedom, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we
 stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
 How pleasing the sport is? the wanton ones see
 And borrow their looks from my Polly and me.
And borrow, &c.

To

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To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green,
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she be-
guiles,

And meets me at night with compliance and
smiles.

And meets me, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her ease and good humour bloom all the year
thro' ;

Time, still as he flies, brings encrease to her
truth,

And gives to her mind what he takes from her
youth.

And gives, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair ;
In search of true pleasures how vainly ye roam,
To hold it for life you must find it at home.

To hold it for life, &c.

S O N G 351.

YOUNG Daphne, brightest creature,

That e'er did heart ensnare,

Was blest with all that nature

Could lavish on the fair ;

Could lavish, &c.

For her each youth did languish,

And told his am'rous smart ;

What tho' she mock'd their anguish,

Yet Strephon won her heart.

Yet Strephon, &c.

The

The stripling swore for ever
 He'd true and constant prove ;
 He was a youth so clever,
 That she repaid his love :
That she repaid, &c.
 But Death, their joys resenting,
 Of Strephon made a prize ;
 Oh ! power unrelenting !
 To close the shepherd's eyes.
To close, &c.

Now sobing, pining, crying,
 The beauteous widow ran,
 And vow'd, in endless sighing
 To weep her constant man :
To weep, &c.

But Corydon, the rover,
 To court her did prepare,
 And thought another lover
 Might not displease the fair.
Might not, &c.

With boldness he advances,
 The fair his love denies,
 'Till irresistible glances
 Shot flashing from his eyes ;
Shot flashing, &c.

With oaths and vows assailing
 He wipes each tear-swoln cheek,
 Untill his love prevailing,
 He weds her in a week.
He weds her, &c.

SONG

SONG 352.

THE charms of Florimel,
 No force of time or art
 Shall sever from my heart;
 But ever to the world I'll tell
 The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.
The charms, &c.

Each rock and sunny hill,
 The flow'ry meads and groves,
 Shall say Myrtillo loves.
 And echo shall be taught to tell,
 The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.

Each tree within the vale,
 That on its bark doth wear
 The triumphs of the fair,
 To future times in verse shall tell
 The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.

Each brook and purling rill,
 Shall, on its bubbling stream,
 Convey the virgin's name.
 And, as it rolls, in murmurs tell
 The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.

The sylvan Gods, that dwell
 Amidst this sacred grove,
 Shall wonder at my love.
 Whilst every sound conspires to tell
 The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.
Whilst every sound, &c.

SONG

SONG 353.

O H' lovely maid, how dear's thy power!
 At once I love, at once adore;
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,
 While softest love inspires my breast.
While softest love, &c.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
 Poor as it is, this heart of mine
 Was never in another's power,
 Was never pierc'd by love before.
Was never, &c.

In thee I've treasur'd up my joy;
 Thou canst give bliss, or bliss destroy;
 And thus I've bound myself to love,
 While bliss or misery can move.
While bliss, &c.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
 Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;
 Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone.
Still would, &c.

But like some discontented shade,
 That wanders where its body's laid,
 Mournful I'd roam, with hollow glare,
 For ever exil'd from the fair.
For ever, &c.

SONG

S O N G 354.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills
 does adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn
 When the antling stag is rous'd by the sound,
 Erecting his ears nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain;
 But still we pursue, and now come in view of
 the glorious game.
 O! see how again he rears up his head,
 And winged with fear redoubles his speed,
 But ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain if he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsman his ears lose
 the cries.
 But now his strength fails him he heavily flies,
 And he pants 'till with well-scented hounds
 surrounded he dies,
 Tontaron tontaron he dies, he dies, dies.

S O N G 355.

NATURE fram'd thee sure for loving,
 Thus adorn'd with ev'ry grace:
 Venus' self thy form approving,
 Looks with pleasure on thy face.
Looks with pleasure, &c.

Happy nymph who shall enfold thee,
 Circling in her yielding arms;
 Should bright Helen once behold thee,
 She'd surrender all her charms.
She'd surrender, &c.

Gentle

Gentle shepherd, if my pleading,
 Can from thee the prize obtain,
 Love himself the conquest aiding,
 Thou that matchless fair shalt gain,
Thou that matchless, &c.

SONG 356

RECITATIVE,

AS in a pensive mood Myrtilla sat,
 Revolving on the will of fate,
 A sprightly youth, devoid of care,
 Advanc'd and thus address'd the fair.

AIR.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree,
 I'm come to buy a heart of thee:
 With transports I receiv'd the tale,
 That such a gem was up for sale:
With transports, &c.

Could I command the starry train,
 For thee I'd give it back again;
 And if I could, to make thee mine,
 The universe should all be thine.
The universe, &c.

And if I could, &c.

Go hence, the maid with softness cries,
 Merit the best deserves the prize:
 The tale you've heard was falsely told,
 Myrtilla's heart shall ne'er be sold;
The tale you've heard, &c.

SONG 357.

YE swains that are courting a maid,
 Be warn'd and instructed by me,
 Tho' small experience I've had,
 I'll give you good counsel and free :
 The women are changeable things,
 And seldom a moment the same ;
 As time a variety brings,
 Their looks new humours proclaim.
Their looks, &c.

But he who in love would succeed,
 And his mistress's favour obtain,
 Must mind it, as sure as his creed,
 To make hay while the sun is serene.
 There's a season to conquer the fair,
 And that's when they're merry and gay ;
 To catch the occasion take care,
 When 'tis gone, in vain you'll assay.
When 'tis gone, &c.

SONG 358.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame that time can never quell,
 That burns for thee my Peggy :
 Ye greater bards the lyre should hit ;
 For say what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit,
 And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The

The sun first rising on the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,

As does my lovely Peggy:
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as undrest

Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr o'er the violet blows,
Or breaths upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose,

That does my lovely Peggy:
I stole a kiss the other day,
And trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon an oaten reed,

To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy while she's in my sight,
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the water love,

So long shall I love Peggy.
And when Death with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu my lovely Peggy.

SONG 359.

WHEN your beauty appears in its graces
 and airs,
 All bright as an angel just dropt from the
 skies :
 At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears ;
 So strangely, so strangely you dazzle my eyes-
So strangely, &c.

But when, without art, your kind thoughts you
 impart,
 When your love runs in blushes thro' every
 vein :
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants
 in your heart,
 Then I know you're a woman, a woman
 again. *Then I know, &c.*

There's a passion and pride in our sex, she re-
 ply'd,
 And thus, might I gratify both, I would do ;
 An angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman, a woman to you.
But still, &c.

SONG 360.

ALL you who are or fair or witty,
 Come and listen to my ditty ;
 My muse shall sing if you'll attend her,
 Of thar same thing call'd the Kettlebender.
O rare Kettlebender, O rare Kettlebender.

The

The ladies take it all their heads in
 That it's the universal med'cine
 For young or old or weak or tender,
 All find ease by the Kettlebender.
O rare, &c.

Nay some, who matters fair would gloss over,
 Say 'tis the stone of great Philosopher ;
 For hardest hearts it soft will render,
 Transmuted by the Kettlebender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

Pray what d'ye think made Portsmouth's
 dutchess,
 Who, (or fame lies) a nonsuch was,
 Stick so close to the faith's defender ?
 What, but the love for his Kettlebender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

I'm sure if you have learnt but any way,
 You must have read of madam Danae,
 That bolts nor bars could e'er defend her,
 Or keep her safe from the Kettlebender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

Europa's case you've heard I'm satisfy'd,
 How, fearless on the bull she sat astride ;
 Not waves nor rocks her flight could hinder,
 She stook so close to the Kettlebender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

It went so hard too with poor Leda,
 Who was afraid to die a Maid-a,
 That to a swan she did surrender,
 Rather than want a Kettlebender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

I must name Proserpine to you too,
 Who ravish'd was, they say, by Pluto;
 Was she so?—the devil mend her,
 She went to hell for the Kettlebender.
O rare Kettlebender, &c.

S O N G 361.

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
 And steal its fragrance from the rose,
 To deck their fancy's queen;
 Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
 All music's pow'r too weak to paint
 My Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
 How oft I've run'd the favourite theme,
 And told my tale unseen;
 While, faithful in the lover's cause,
 The winds wou'd murmur soft applause
 To Jenny of the Green.

With joy my soul reviews the day,
 When deckt in all the pride of May
 She hail'd the sylvan scene;
 Then every nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the grace and ease
 Of Jenny of the Green,

Then deaf to every rival's sigh,
 On me she cast her partial eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble mein;
 The fragrant Myrtle wreath I wear,
 That day adorn'd the lovely hair
 Of Jenny of the Green.

Thro'

Thro' all the fairy land of love,
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
The pride of gay fifteen;
Tho' now she treads some distant plain,
Tho' far apart I'll meet again
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that blest night,
That glads my eyes with that dear sight,
Melt down the hours between;
And when we meet the loss repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
With Jenny of the Green.

S O N G 362.

UPON a summer's evening clear
Dione, hapless maid,
All wan with love and pining care,
Sought out a secret shade:
How wretched, ah! and chang'd am I,
Unhappy maid, said she,
No scene is pleasing to my view,
No flow'r is sweet to me.
No flow'r, &c.

So many vows could Collin make
To me, ah! faithless swain;
And yet those plighted vows now break,
And leave me to complain?
Why did I rashly seek his arms,
And, fond, his tale believe?
Alas! I yielded all my charms,
Nor thought he could deceive.
Nor thought, &c.

Yet why of roses such a store,
And lilies in my face,
Since Lucy now can please you more,
And claims your fond embrace ?
My brightest charms I'd willing give,
Resign my rosy hue ;
Content, with Lucy's charms,
I'd live, a rural maid for you.
A rural maid, &c.

But Collin's deaf while I upbraid,
Nor heeds, tho' I complain,
Thinks not that I'm the injur'd maid,
And he the faithless swain :
Yet know, false man, Dione's shade,
To fright you shall appear,
And when you climb the marriage bed,
Dione will be there.
Dione, &c.

S O N G 363.

TH O' Chloe, out of fashion,
Can blush and be sincere,
I'd toast her in a bumper,
If all the belles were here :
What tho' no diamonds sparkle
About her neck or waist,
With ev'ry shining virtue
The lovely maid is grac'd.
With every, &c.

In modest, plain apparel,
No patches, paint or airs ;
In debt alone to nature,
An angel she appears :

From

From gay coquets high finish'd,
 My Cloe takes no rules ;
 Nor envies them their conquest,
 The hearts of all the fools
Nor envies them, &c.

Who wins her must have merit,
 Such merit, as her own ;
 The Graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one :
 Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
 The gifts you most approve,
 And Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Will bless me with her love.
And Chloe, &c.

S O N G 364.

STREPHON, why that cloudy forehead ?
 Why so vainly crost those arms ?
 Silly swain, that aspect horrid,
 Rather frightens her than charms :
 Rouse that dull and drooping spirit,
 Throw away that Myrtle wreath ;
 Bumpers large of gen'rous claret,
 Makes thee love and raptures breathe.

Sacrifice this juice-prolific,
 To each letter of her name ;
 Gods they deem'd it a specific,
 Why not mortals do the same ?
 See the high charg'd goblet smiling,
 Bids thee, Strephon, drink and prove,
 Wine's the liquor most beguiling,
 Wine's the weapon conquers love.

S O N G

SONG 365.

THE new-flown birds, the shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May ;
 Come Pastorella now the spring
 Makes ev'ry landscape gay :
 Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade
 O'er half the plain extend,
 Or in reflecting fountains play'd,
 The quivering branches bend,
The quivering, &c.

Come taste the season in its prime,
 And bless the rising year ;
 Oh ! how my soul grows sick of time,
 'Till thou, my love appear :
 Then shall I pass the gladsome day
 Warm in thy beauty's shine,
 When thy dear flock shall sport and play,
 And intermix with thine.
And intermix, &c.

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
 In silken bands I hold ;
 For thee a firstling lambkin fair
 I keep within the fold :
 If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender lambkin please,
 My spotless heart, without deceit
 Be offer'd up with these.
Be offer'd, &c.

SONG

SONG 366.

OF ev'ry sweet that glads the spring,
 A tribute to thy charms I'll bring;
 I'll imitate the busy bee,
 To make a garland crown for thee,
To make, &c.

When from the plains we're chac'd away,
 By the fierce God that rules the day;
 I'll lead thee to the shades and streams,
 To shield thee from his scorching beams,
To shield thee from, &c.

And when to rest her eyes incline,
 And light nor they no longer shine,
 The fairest fleece of ev'ry sheep
 My love shall press in peaceful sleep.
My love, &c.

From all the ills that night invade
 I'll guard the dear, the beauteous maid;
 My tender faithful care shall prove,
 None watch so well as those that love.
None watch, &c.

SONG 367.

YOUNG Collin was the bonniest swain,
 That ever pip'd upon the plain,
 Or danc'd upon the lee:
 The wanton kid, in gamesome bound,
 That frolicks o'er the turfy ground,
 Was not so blithe as he.

Beneath

Beneath the oak in yonder dale,
 You'd think you heard the nightingale,
 Whene'er he rais'd his voice ;
 But ah! the youth was all deceit,
 His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
 And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens sung in willow groves
 Of Collin's false and perjur'd loves ;
 Here Jenny told her woes :
 And Moggy's tears increas'd the brook,
 Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,
 That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair! my words believe,
 So shall no swain your hopes deceive,
 And leave you to despair ;
 E'er he disclose his fickle mind,
 Change first yourselves, for ah! you'll find
 False Collins ev'ry where.

S O N G 368.

AT length, too soon dear creature
 Receive this fond adieu ;
 Thy pains O love how bitter,
 Thy joys how short how few :
 Thy joys, &c.
 No more those eyes so killing,
 The melting joys repeat,
 Nor bosom gently swelling
 With love's soft tumult beat.
 Nor bosom gently swelling,
 With love's soft tumult beat,

I go where glory leads me,
 And points the dang'rous way;
 Tho' coward love upbraids me,
 Yet honour bids obey:
Yet honour, &c.
 But honour's boasting story
 Too soon those tears reprove,
 And whispers, fame, wealth, glory,
 Ah! what are they to love!
And whispers, fame, wealth, glory.
 Ah! what are they to love.

Two passions strongly pleading,
 My doubtful breast divide;
 Lo! there my country bleeding,
 And here a weeping bride;
And here, &c.
 But know, thy faithful lover
 Can true to either prove;
 Fame fires my veins all over,
 Yet ev'ry pulse beats love.
Fame fires my veins all over,
Yet ev'ry pulse beats love.

Then think where'er I wander,
 The sport of seas or wind,
 No distance hearts can sunder
 Whom mutual faith has join'd;
Whom mutual faith, &c.
 Kind heav'n, the brave requiting,
 Shall save thy swain restore;
 And raptures crown the meeting,
 Which love ne'er felt before.
And raptures crown the meeting,
Which love ne'er felt before.

SONG 369.

WAS ever nymph like Rosamond,
 So fair, so faithful, and so fond
 Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace,
Adorn'd with ev'ry, &c.
 I'm all desire,
 My heart's on fire,
 And leaps and skips to her embrace.
And leaps, &c.

SONG 370.

ON ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme:
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy steep they hung:
 The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known shade;
 I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
 Where love and Damon fondly play'd:
 The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Fron

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks and fountains please no more,
Each flow'r in pity droops its head,
All nature does my loss deplore,
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

SONG 371.

ASK if yon damask rose is sweet,
That scents the ambient air,
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
If dear Susannah's fair;
If dear Susannah's fair,
If dear Susannah's fair.
Ask if yon damask rose, &c.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
And warble thro' the grove?
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
Then doubt thy shepherd's love;
Then doubt thy shepherd's love,
Then doubt thy shepherd's love,
Say, will the vulture, &c.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
Let pride in splendor shine;
Ye bards unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Susannah mine.
Be fair, fair Susannah mine,
Be fair, Susannah mine.
The spoils, &c.

SONG 372.

Damon. **A**H! Phillis shame on you to serve
 A swain so,
 You promis'd, last lammas, you very well know,
 If I'd stay but till christmas our hands should
 be join'd,
 And it's midsummer now, Phillis why so unkind?
 Why, why Phillis, why so unkind?

Phillis. True Damon, I promis'd, I know it—
 what then?
 My mind has since alter'd—how faithless are
 men!
 You vow'd to be constant, and yet t'other day
 Who swore that young Lucy was sweet as the
 May!
 Sweet, sweet, was sweet as the May!

Damon. When Phillis grew coy, when she left
 me forlorn,
 And was sighing to Collin beneath the green
 thorn;
 Mad, jealous and fretting, pray who was to
 blame,
 If with Lucy I strove to make Phillis the same?
 Strove, strove to make Phillis the same?

Phillis. Like the bee that goes roving to rise
 the spring,
 You pip'd to each damsel, to me you would sing;
 I lik'd the sweet lay, for I thought it sincere;
 But why does Pastora so oft drop the tear?
 Why, why, why so oft drop the tear?

Damon.

Damon. From my heart let me tell thee, I
proudly assay'd
To conquer each beautiful, insolent maid;
The garlands they wreath'd at thy feet are re-
sign'd,
This, this was my pride; then is Phillis unkind?
Then, then, then is Phillis unkind?

Phillis. How frail the disguise a fond lover
would try!
How weak the thin snare that the soul would
believe!
Hence, hence with suspicion away from the
grove,
And prove at the church that truth waits upon
love.
Prove, prove that truth waits upon love,

DUETTO.

Hence, hence with suspicion away from the
grove,
And prove at the church that truth waits upon
love.
Prove, prove that truth waits upon love.

SONG 373.

THE morning fresh, the sun in east,
New gilds the smiling day;
The morning fresh, &c.
The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
The fields around are gayly drest,
The lark, &c.
Arise my love and play, &c.
Arise my love, &c.

Come forth my fair, come forth bright maid
And bless thy shepherd's sight ;

Come forth, &c.

Lend every folded flow'r thy aid,

Unveil the roses blushing shade,

Lend every, &c.

And give them sweet delight.

And give them, &c.

Thy presence makes all nature smile,

Thy smiles your charms improve,

Thy presence, &c.

Thy strains the list'ning birds beguile,

And as invite reward their toil,

Thy strains, &c.

And tune their notes to love.

And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn tree,

The flow'ry wreath I'll twine ;

Beneath, &c.

Ere other eyes their beauties see,

They on thy brows adorn'd shall be,

Ere other eyes, &c.

The happy task be mine.

The happy task, &c.

SONG 374

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me ;

And Celia, &c.

And yet I'll swear I can't tell how

The pleasing plague stole on me.

And yet, &c.

"Tis

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel :

For there, &c.

'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not, &c.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common,

There's nothing, &c.

And all her sense is only chat,

Like any other woman.

And all her sense, &c.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm,

'Tis both perhaps, or neither ;

'Tis both, &c.

In short, 'tis that bewitching charm

Of Celia all together.

In short, &c.

S O N G 375.

Jenny. **S**TERN Winter has left us the trees
are in bloom,

And cowslips and v'lets the meadows perfume ;

While kids are disporting and birds fill the spray,

I wait but for Jockey to hail the new May.

I wait but for Jockey, &c.

Jockey. Among the young lilies, my Jenny,
I've stray'd,

Pinks, dazies, and woodbines I bring to my
maid ;

Here's

Here's thime sweetly smelling, and lavender
gay,

A posy to form for my queen of the May.

A posy to form, &c.

Jenny. Ah! Jockey, I fear you intend to be-
guile;

When seated with Molly last night on a stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and aye,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your queen of the May?

Forgetting poor Jenny, &c.

Jockey. Young Willy is handsome in shepherd's
green dress,

He gave you those ribbands that hang at your
breast,

Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay,
Was that done like Jenny, my queen of the
May?

Was that done like Jenny, &c.

Jenny. This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jockey falsehearted, his passion denies;
Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the queen of the May.

For Jenny's no longer, &c.

Jockey. Believe me dear maiden, your lover you
wrong,

Your name is for ever the theme of my song;
From the dews of pale eve to the dawning of
day,

I sing but of Jenny, my queen of the May.

I sing but of Jenny, &c.

Jenny. Again balmy comfort with transport I
view,

My

My fears are all vanish'd, since Jockey is true ;
 Then to our blith shepherds the news I'll convey,
 That Jenny alone you've crown'd queen of the
 May. *That Jenny alone, &c.*

Jockey. Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers, draw
 near,
 Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear ;
 Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd be-
 tray,
 Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new
 May. *Then come, my dear Jenny, &c.*

SONG 376.

COME all you young lovers who wan with
 despair,
 Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair ;
 Who puff up their pride by enhancing their
 charms,
 And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms :
 Be wise by example, take pattern by me,
 For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free ;
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw, in the net I was caught,
 I ly'd and I flatter'd, as custom had taught ;
 I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full
 soon,
 But the date of my passion expir'd with the
 moon.
 She vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it might be ;
 I'm sorry my dear, but by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free, &c.

The

The next was young Phillis, as bright as the
morn,

The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn;
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
That none could be handsome but such as were
kind:

Her pride and ill nature were lost upon me,
For in spite of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free.

By Jove I'll be free, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,
Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise;
Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange
rage.

And like birds they sing best when they're put
in a cage:

Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er made for
me;

Let who will be bondslaves, by Jove I'll be
free.

By Jove I'll be free, &c.

Then let the brisk bumper run over the glass,
In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass,
Who, yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool:

I'll bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee;
For in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be
free.

By Jove I'll be free,

For in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free.

SONG 377.

HOW happy is the maid,
Who lives a rural life;
By no false views betray'd,
To know domestic strife:

No

No passion sways her mind,
 Or wishes to be great;
 To humble hopes confin'd,
 She shuns the flatt'ring bait.
To humble, &c.

Her soul with calm disdain,
 Above the pomp of pride,
 Beholds the rich and vain
 In gilded fetters tied,
 While titles, wealth and pow'r,
 The gaudy scene display;
 And pageants of an hour,
 In darkness glide away.

But if some gentle boy,
 Her faithful bosom share,
 He doubles all her joy,
 And lessens all her care:
 Their moments on the wing,
 The mutual bliss improve,
 And give perpetual spring
 To virtue, truth and love.

SONG 378.

MY time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
 When Phœbe went with me wherever
 I went;

Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast,
 Sure never fond shepherd like Collin was blest!
 But now she is gone and has left me behind:
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,
 I thought it was spring, but alas! it was she.

The

The fountain that us'd to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phoebe was there,
 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
 But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
 Must you be so chearful, whilst I go in pain?
 Peace there with your bubbling and hear me
 complain.

My dog I was ever well pleas'd to see
 Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
 And Phoebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
 Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his head:
 But now when he's fawning I with a sour look
 Cry, Sirrah, and give him a blow with my
 crook;
 And I'll give him another, for why should not
 Tray
 Be as dull as his master when Phoebe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',
 The lark, linnet, throstle and nightingale too;
 Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet;
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
 Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
 Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
 To be cur'd thou must, Collin, thy passion re-
 move;
 But what swain is so silly as to live without
 love?

No

No, Deity bid the dear nymph to return,
 For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
 Ah ! what shall I do ? Shall I die in despair ?
 Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so
 fair.

SONG 379.

SWEET were once the joys I tasted,
 All was jollity and love,
 Time methought too nimbly hasted,
 Which on pleasure's wings did move :
 Chloe's heart was all my treasure,
 Never was a richer swain :
 Chloe doubled ev'ry pleasure,
 Chloe banish'd every pain.

But the envious Gods repining,
 So much blifs on earth to see,
 All their bitt'rest curses joining,
 Dash'd my cup with jealousy ;
 Now where erst my pipe resounded,
 Steals the sigh and heart-felt groan ;
 Love, by doubts and fears surrounded,
 Ill dispute a tott'ring throne.

Fool, that ever art pursuing,
 What conceal'd is always best ;
 Jealousy, love's child and rain,
 Leave, oh leave, my terror'd breast !
 With the slave thy pow'r confessing,
 Thou to Venus mildly deal ;
 They who shun or slight thy blessing,
 Should alone thy torments feel.

SONG 380.

AMBITION never me seduc'd
 To soar on fortune's painted wing,
 Far humbler motives strong induc'd,
 To haunt unvex'd the muses spring.
To haunt, &c.

Some cot I wish for where sweet peace,
 Mild o'er the soul her influence sheds,
 Where pleasures flow with fond increase,
 And sport at ease on rosy beds.
And sport, &c.

Where sylvan scenes the fancy raise,
 Exalt the soul, improve the lay;
 Where fanning Zephyrs soothe the blaze,
 Of summer's fiercely-darting ray.
Of summer's, &c.

The dimpl'd stream, the winding shade,
 The lawn in charming verdure drest;
 Th' aspiring hill, the tufted glade,
 Soft themes shall pleasing thoughts suggest.
Soft themes, &c.

SONG 381.

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
 Laugh and worldly cares despise;
 Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,
 Joys from drinking will arise:
 Why should we with wrinkled care,
 Change what nature made so fair?
*Drink and set your hearts at rest,
 Of a bad bargain make the best.*

Some

[399]

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aspire;
Give me freedom, give me health,
There's the sum of my desire:
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content.

*Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Quiet of mind is always best.*

Busy brains we know, alas!

With imaginations run;

Like the sand in th' hour-glass,

Turn'd and turn'd and still runs on:

Never knowing when to stay,

But uneasy e'ry way.

*Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.*

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,

Makes the heart allert and free;

Let it rain or snow or shine,

Still the same thing 'tis with me:

There's no fence against our fate,

Changes daily on us wait.

*Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.*

SONG 382.

OBSERVE the fragrant, blushing rose,
Tho' in the humble vale it spring;
It smells as sweet, as fair it blows,
As in the garden of a king.
So soft content as oft is found complete
In the lonely cot as in the lofty seat.

L 1

SONG

SONG 383.

O Wouldst thou know what secret charms,
This destin'd heart of mine alarms;
This destin'd, &c.

What kind of nymph the heav'n's decree,
The maid that's made for love and me.
The maid, &c.

Who joys to hear the sighs sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear :
Who melts, &c.

From each ungentle passion free,
O be the maid that's made for me.
O be the maid, &c.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessing she bestows :
Who feels, &c.

Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Be such the maid that's made for me.
Be such, &c.

Whose simple thoughts devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart :
Are all, &c.

A gentle train, from falshood free :
Be such the maid that's made for me.
Be such, &c.

Avaunt, ye light coquets retire
Where flutt'ring fops around admire :
Where flutt'ring fops, &c.

Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me.
More genuine, &c.

SONG

SONG 384.

YE good fellows all,
 Who love to be told where there's claret
 good store,
 Attend to the call
 Of one who's ne'er frighted,
 But greatly delighted
 With six bottles more:
 Before you don't pass
 The good house money glass,
 Which the jolly red God so peculiarly owns;
 'Twill well suit your humour,
 For pray what would you more
 Than mirth, with good claret and bumpers,
 'Squire Jones.

Ye lovers who pine
 For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair;
 Who whimper and whine,
 For lilies and roses,
 With eyes, lips and noses,
 Or tip of an ear;
 Come hither I'll show ye,
 How Phillis nor Chloe,
 No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans;
 For what mortal so stupid,
 As not to quit Cupid,
 When call'd by good claret, &c.

Ye Poets who write,
 And brag of your drinking fane'd Helicon's brook,
 Tho' all you get by't
 Is a dinner oft times,

In reward for your rhimes,
 With Humphry the duke ;
 Learn Bacchus to follow,
 And quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones ;
 Our jingling of glasse
 Your rhiming surpasses,
 When crown'd with good claret, &c.

Ye Soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of darts, tho' no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout,
 Of all your commanders
 Who serv'd us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne ;
 Come leave off your rattling
 Of sieging and battling,
 And know it's much better to sleep with whole
 Were you sent to Gibraltar, [bones :
 Your note you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good claret, &c.

Ye Clergy so wise,
 Who mysteries profound can demonstrate clear ;
 How worthy to rise !
 You preach once a week,
 But your tithes never seek
 Above once a year :
 Come here without failing
 And leave off your railing
 'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones :
 Says the text so divine,
 What is life without wine ?
 Then about with the claret, &c.

Ye Lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will you so learnedly plead ;
 How worthy of trust ? You

You know black from white,
 You prefer wrong to right,
 As you're chan'd to be feed:
 Leave musty reports,
 And forsake the king's courts,
 Where dullness and discord have set up their
 thrones,
 Burn Salkield and Ventris,
 With all their damn'd entries,
 And away with the claret, &c.

Ye Physical tribe,
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and
 Whene'er you prescribe, [grimace]
 Have at your devotion,
 Pills, Bolus or Potion,
 Be what will the case:
 Pray where is the need
 To purge, blister and bleed,
 When ailing yourselves the whole faculty owns,
 That the forms of old Galen,
 Are not so prevailing
 As mirth, with good claret, &c.

Ye Fox-hunters eke,
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound;
 Who your ladies forsake
 Before they're awake,
 To beat up the brake,
 Where the vermin is found;
 Leave Piper and Blueman,
 Shrill Dutchess and Trueman,
 No music is found in such dissonant tones:
 Wou'd you ravish your ears,
 With the songs of the spheres,
 Hark away to the claret and bumpers 'Squire
 Jones.

S O N G

SONG 385.

SEE Chloe, how the new-blown rose
 Blooms like thy beauteous face ;
 Youth does its rip'ning charms disclose,
 And perfects ev'ry grace :
 Its virgin sweets perfume the air,
 And then its pride decays ;
 So will it be with thee, my fair,
 When past thy youthful days.

No April can revive thy charms,
 No sun can light thy eyes ;
 Soft love will leave those snowy arms
 When age begins to rise.
 Then Chloe let my passion move
 Thy pity for my pain ;
 Obey the voice of gentle love,
 Love and be lov'd again.

SONG 386.

MY love was once a bonny lad,
 He was the flow'r of all his kin ;
 The absence of his bonny face
 My tender heart has rent in twain :
 By day or night find no delight,
 In silent tears I still complain,
 And rail at those my rival foes,
 That took from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose ;

I sigh and mourn while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose:
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain:
 I ne'er will cease, nor be at ease,
 'Till I hear from my darling swain.

I need not strange at nature's change:
 Since parents shew'd such cruelty:
 Therefore my love from me does range,
 And knows not to what destiny:
 The pretty kids and tender lambs,
 Shall cease to sport upon the plain,
 And shall lament in discontent,
 The absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me you intreat
 To send a fair and pleasing gale;
 Your Dolphins sweet upon me wait,
 For to convoy me on your tail:
 May heavens bless me with success,
 While crossing of the raging main;
 And send me o'er to that same shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return,
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay:
 The bells shall ring, the birds shall sing,
 To grace and crown our nuptial days:
 Thus, blest with charms, in my love's arms,
 Once more my heart I will obtain:
 I'll range no more to a distant shore,
 But will enjoy my darling swain.

SONG

SONG 387.

GC, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envy'd place
 With never-fading love;
 There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye
 Involv'd in fragrance breathe and die!

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there;
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
 With envy and despair.
 One common fate we both must prove,
 You die with envy, I with love.

SONG 388.

PRITHEE, foolish boy, give o'er,
 Cease thy bosom to torment;
 Prithet sigh and whine no more,
 Come with me and taste content:
 Love's a foe of thine and mine,
 Let us drown the God in wine.

Stella's fairer shape and eyes,
 Charms too lovely to behold;
 Let us seek, to crown our joys,
 Where the best Champagne is sold.
Love's a foe, &c.

Leave the silly gaudy train,
 And believe me, when I say,

All the joys they give are vain :
 Leave them then and come away.
 Love's a foe of thine and mine,
 Let us drown the God in wine.

S O N G 389.

WHEN Celia's heart unsettled rves,
 Thro' hills and dales and flow'ry groves,
When Celia's heart, &c.

O tell me, Love, the time and way,
 This little heart will run astray.
O tell me, &c.

If to some shade, from summer's heat,
 This little heart should seek retreat ;
If to some shade, &c.
 Direct me, Love, this heart to find,
 For in that place she'll prove more kind.
Direct me, &c.

If near some stream where crystal fall
 Invites the virgin to its call,
If near some, &c.
 Sweet murmuring echos reach my ear,
 And say, my love your heart is here.
Sweet murmuring echos, &c.

Then, swift as light I'll seek the way
 And make this little heart my prey.
Then swift, &c.
 Kind love with joy shall make her own
 She ne'er repents her heart was stol'n
Kind love, &c.

SONG 390.

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray,
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring me Jessy to my eyes.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost bough;
Aloft in air that quivering plays,
And rund, and round for ever gaze.

My Jessy fair, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots, enrag'd I'll tear,
The trees that hide my Jessy fair.

Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise;
Ye stors, ye swans, a moment stay,
And wit a lover on his way.

My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace he wasting summer flies;
Nor ye the wintry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor night shall keep me here.

What ray, for strength, with steel compare?
O love his fetters stronger far:
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enslaves the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay.
Away, to Jessy! haste away!

SONG

SONG 391.

AS Damon on a summer's day,
 Beneath a shade began his lay,
 The waters murmuring past along,
 Well-pleas'd to hear their Damon's song;
 His theme was love, for Delia's charms
 Had won the shepherd to her arms.
Had won, &c.

How blest am I, who only know
 The joys of love, that ever flow;
 Dear scenes of pleasure now appear,
 And love is all a Damon's care:
 Hear then, ye warbling birds and groves,
 That Delia's kind, and Damon loves.
That Delia's kind, &c.

Delia, as morn is true and fair;
 Sweet as the rose and violet are:
 Our hearts in mutual bliss shall live,
 (No more can beauteous nature give)
 And every tree our passion tell,
 That shepherds liv'd and lov'd so well.
That shepherds, &c.

SONG 392.

SINCE Jenny think's mean her love to deny,
 And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not by,
 I'll own, without blushing, were all the world by,
 That Willy's the lad for me.
That Willy's, &c.

M m

Hs

He brought me a wreath which his hands did
compose,

Where the dale-loving lily was turn'd with the
rose;

Young myrtle, in sprigs, did the border en-
close.

And Willy's the lad for me.

By the myrtle, he said, is my passion exprest,
The rose, like your lips, in vermillion is drest,
And the lily for whiteness, would vie with
your breast.

And Willy's the lad for me.

These ribbands of mine his gift at the fair,
My mother look'd cross, and said Fanny beware:
But d'ye think I regard her? Not I, I declare,
And Willy's the lad for me.

Beneath a tall beech, and reclin'd on his crook,
I saw my young shepherd; how sweet was his
look!

He ask'd for one kiss, but a hundred he took,
And Willy's the lad for me.

I cry'd you're too rude—with affected disdain,
(For early in life we're instructed to feign)
He made me no answer, but kiss'd me again.
And Willy's the lad for me.

Then what can I do? Instruct me ye maids,
When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
Whose silence as much as his language per-
suades.

And Willy's the lad for me.

SONG

SONG 393.

O Mary, soft in feature,
 I've been at dear Vauxhall,
 No Paradise is sweeter,
 Not that they Eden call:
 At night such new vagaries,
 Such gay, such harmless sport;
 All look like giant fairies,
 And this their monarch's court.

Methought, when first I enter'd,
 Such splendor round me shone,
 Into a world I ventur'd,
 Where rose another sun:
 Wh'ist music, never cloying,
 As sky-larks sweet I hear;
 The sounds I'm still enjoying,
 They'll always soothe my ear.

Here paintings, sweetly glowing,
 Where'er your glances fall;
 Here colours, life bestowing,
 Bedeck this Greenwood-hall:
 The king there dubs a farmer,*
 There John his doxy loves;
 But my delight's the charmer
 That steals a pair of gloves.*

* Alluding to three pictures in the pavillions;
 the king and miller, the sailors in a tipling
 house, and the girl stealing a kiss from a sleepy
 Gentleman.

As still amaz'd I'm straying
 O'er this enchanted grove,
 I spy a harper § playing
 All in his proud alcove :
 I doft my hat, defiring
 He'd play up buxom Joan,
 But what was I admiring ?
 Odzooks ! a man of ftone.

But now the tables fpreading,
 They all fall to with glee ;
 Not e'en at 'fquire's fine wedding
 Such dainties did I fee :
 I long'd (poor ftarv'ling rover)
 But none heed country elves,
 Thofe folk with lace dawb'd over,
 ' Love only dear themfelves.

Thus whilst 'midft joys abounding,
 As grafhoppers they're gay,
 At diftance crouds furrounding
 The lady of the May. |
 'The man i'th' moon tweer'd flily,
 Soft twinkling thro' the trees,
 As tho' 'twould pleafe him highly,
 To tafte delights like thefe.

§ Mr. Handel's ftatue.

| Her Royal Highnefs the Princefs of Wales,
 fitting under her fplendid pavillion.

SONG

SONG 394.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny seaman,
 With tears she sent him out to roam,
 And Thomas lov'd no other woman,
 But left his heart with her at home :
 She view'd the sea from off the hill,
 And as she turn'd her spinning wheel,
 Sung of her bonny seaman.

• The winds blew loud, and she grew paler
 To see the weathercock turn round,
 When lo! she spy'd her bonny sailor
 Come tripping o'er the fallow ground ;
 With nimble haste he lept the stile,
 And Sally met him with a smile,
 And hugg'd her bonny sailor.

Fast round the waist he took his Sally,
 But first around his mouth wip'd he ;
 Like home-bred spark he could not dally,
 But kiss'd and prest her with a glee :
 Thro' winds and waves and dashing rain,
 Cry'd he, thy Tommy's return'd again,
 And brings a heart for Sally.

Welcome, she cry'd, my constant Thomas,
 Tho' out of sight ne'er out of mind ;
 Our hearts if seas have parted from us,
 Yet they my thoughts did leave behind :
 So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
 That time nor absence from my heart
 Could drive my constant Thomas.

This

This kuife the gift of lovely Sally,
 I ftill have kept for her dear fake ;
 A thoufand times, in am'rous folly,
 Thy name I've carv'd upon the deck ;
 Again the happy pledge returns,
 To tell how truly Tommy burns,
 How truly burns for Sally.

This thimble didft thou give to Sally,
 Whilft this I fee I think of you ;
 Then why does Tom ftand ftill-I ftall-I,
 While yonder fteeple's in our view :
 Tom, never to occafion blind,
 Now took her in the coming mind,
 And went to church with Sally.

S O N G 395.

JOLLY mortals fill your glaffes,
 Noble deeds are done by wine ;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces ;
 Who'd for love or beauty pine ?
Who'd for love, &c.

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
 And a thoufand charms you'll find
 More than Chloe when juft going,
 In that moment to be kind.
In that moment, &c.

Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at council board ;
 He fubdu'd the world by drinking,
 More than by his conquering fword.
More than by, &c.

S O N G

SONG 396.

STELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour,
Do various hearts surprize ;

In Stella's soul is all her power,

And Flavia's in her eyes :

In Stella's soul, &c.

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,

And Stella's more confin'd ;

All can discern a face that's fair,

But few a heav'nly mind.

Stella, like Briton's monarch, reigns

O'er cultivated lands ;

Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns

To rule o'er barren sands ;

Like eastern, &c.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,

Thy beauty's only store ;

Each day that makes thy charms decrease

Will yield to Stella more.

SONG 397.

IS there a charm, ye pow'rs above,
To ease a wounded breast ?

Thro' reason's glass to look at love ;

To wish and yet to rest ?

Let wisdom boast, 'tis all in vain,

An empire o'er the mind ;

'Tis beauty, beauty, holds the chain,

And triumphs o'er mankind.

And triumphs, &c.

Thrice

Thrice happy birds, who on the spray,
 Unartful notes prolong,
 Your feather'd mates reward the lay,
 And yield to pow'rful song ;
 By nature fierce, without controul,
 The human savage ran,
 'Till love refin'd his stubborn soul,
 And civiliz'd the man.
And civiliz'd, &c.

Verse turns aside the tyrant's rage,
 And cheers the drooping slave ;
 It wins a smile from hoary age,
 And disappoints the grave ;
 The force of numbers must succeed,
 And soothe each others ear ;
 Tho' my fond cause shou'd Phœbus plead,
 He'd find a Daphne here.

Did heav'n such wond'rous gifts produce
 To curse our wretched race ?
 Say, must we all the heart accuse
 And yet approve the face ?
 Thus in the sun, bedropt with gold,
 The basking adder lies,
 The swain admires each shining fold,
 Then grasps the snake and dies.
Then grasps, &c.

SONG 398.

Powerful guardians of all nature,
 O preserve my beauteous love ;
 Keep from insult the dear creature,
 Virtue sure has charms to move.

SONG

SONG 399.

THE lass of Pattie's mill
 So bonny blythe and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Has stole my heart away :
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanten'd in her ey'n,

Her arms white, round and smoothe,
 Breasts rising in their dawn ;
 'To age it would gi' youth
 To press 'em wi' his hand ;
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of blifs,
 When I such sweetness found
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart
 Where'er she spoke or smil'd :
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride ;
 'She me to love beguil'd,
 Ife wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all the wealth
 Hopton's high mountains fill ;
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will ;

I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Pattie's mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.

SONG 400.

FOR a shape and an air, and a bloom and
 a mein,
 Myrtila was brightest of all the gay green;
 But artfully mild and affectedly coy,
 Those her beauty invited, her pride would de-
 stroy. *Those her beauty, &c.*

By the flocks as she stray'd, with the nymphs
 of the vale;
 Not a shepherd but wo'd her to hear his soft tale;
 Tho' fatal the passion, she laugh'd at the swain,
 And return'd with neglect what she heard with
 disdain.
And return'd, &c.

But beauty has wings, and too hastily flies,
 And love unrewarded soon sickens and dies;
 The nymph, cur'd by time of her folly and
 pride,
 Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she deny'd.
Now sighs, &c.

No longer she frolics it wide o'er the plain,
 To kill with her coyness the languishing swain;
 So humble her heart is; so soften'd her mind,
 That, tho' courted by none, she to all would
 be kind.
That, tho' courted, &c.

SONG

SONG 401.

HEAR me ye nymphs and every swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Tho' thus I languish and complain,
 Alas she ne'er believes me :
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her ;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her :
 I try'd to soothe my am'rous pain,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 It more there pass'd I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted :
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in may,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me :

If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

SONG 402.

LEAVE neighbours your work and to sport
 and to play,
 Let the tabor strike up and the village be gay;
 No day thro' the year shall more chearful be
 seen,

For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the green.
For Ralph of the mill, &c.

CHORUS. *I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
 And while the wind blows and while the mill
 goes,
 Who'll be so happy, so happy as we.*

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take
 a bride,

Be married to-day and to-morrow be cloy'd;
Be married, &c.

My body is stout, and my heart is as sound,
 And my love, like my courage, will never give
 ground.

And my love, &c.

CHO. *I love Sue, &c.*

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
 And prudently take the best bidders to bed;
And prudently, &c.

Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
 We settle our hearts and we seal with a kiss.

We sett'e, &c.

CHO. *I love Sue, &c.*

The'

The' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your
beaus,

Nor bounces nor flutters nor wears your fine
cloaths ;

Nor bounces, &c.

In nothing he'll borrow from folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

Nor e'er, &c.

CHO. I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,

While thus thou art kind and thy tongue but
lie still ;

While thus thou art kind, &c.

Our joy shall continue, and ever be new,

And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

And none, &c.

CHORUS.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,

And while the wind blows and while the mill

gods
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we.

SONG 403.

A Beggar, a beggar, a beggar I'll be,

For none live a life so jovial as he,

A beggar I was, and a beggar I am,

A beggar I'll be, from a beggar I came ;

And if that it happens our trading should fall,

We in the conclusion shall beggars be all ;

Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs,

And few men are thriving but courtiers and
players.

N n

A

A craver my father, a maunder my mother,
 A filer my sister, a filcher my brother,
 A canter my uncle, who values no pelf,
 A lifter my aunt, and a beggar myself;
 In white wheaten straw, when their bellies
 were full,
 There I was begotten, 'twixt tinker and trull;
 And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be,
 For none lives a life so jovial as he.

When boys they come to us, and say their in-
 tent is
 To follow our calling, we ne'er bind 'em 'pren-
 tice;
 Soon as they come to't we learn 'em to do't,
 We give them a staff and a wallet to hoot;
 We lend 'em our lingua to crave and to cant,
 So the devil is in it if e'er they can want:
 Therefore he or she that a beggar will be,
 Without an indenture may soon be made free.

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens
 We feast it on pigs, pullets, cunnies or capons;
 For churchmens affairs we are no men-slayers,
 We have no religion, yet live by our pray'rs;
 And oft' when we beg and men draw not their
 purses,

We charge and give fire with a volley of curses;
 The devil confound your good worship we cry,
 And such a bold brazen-face beggar am I.

We do things in season, and have so much reason,
 We raise no rebellion, nor ever talk treason;
 We bill with our mates at very low rates,
 Yet some keep their quarters as high as their
 gates:

With

With Shenkin, or Morgan, or Lounsmán, or
Teague,
We into no covenant enter, or league ;
And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be,
For none lead a life so jovial as he.

For such petty pledges as shirts from the hedges,
We never do fear being drawn upon sledges ;
Yet sometimes the whip does make us to skip,
And then we from titing to titing do trip ;
But when in a poor boozing ken we do bib it,
We are more afraid of the stocks than the gibbet ;
And if from the stocks we keep out our feet,
We fear not the compter, king's bench or the
fleet.

Sometimes we frame ourselves to be lame,
And when a coach comes we hop to our game ;
We seldom miscarry, nor ever do marry,
By gown, common prayer or cloak-directory :
But Simon and Susan, like birds of a feather,
They laugh and they kiss and they lie down
together ;
Like pigs in the peas entangled they lie,
And there they begot such a bold rogue as I.

S O N G 404.

YOUNG Dorilis, artless swain,
And Daphne, pride of western plain,
Their flocks together drove ;
Gay youth sat blooming on his face,
She no less shone in ev'ry grace,
Yet neither thought of love,
Yet neither, &c.

With equal joy each morn they meet,
 At mid-day seek the same retreat,
 And shelter in one grove;
 At ev'ning haunt the self-same walk,
 Together innocently talk,
 But not a word of love.
But not a word, &c.

Hence mutual friendship firmly grew,
 Till heart to heart spontaneous flew
 Like bill to bill of dove:
 Both feel the flame which both conceal;
 Both wish the other wou'd reveal;
 Yet neither speaks of love.
Yet neither speaks, &c.

She hung with rapture o'er his sense,
 He doted on her innocence;
 Thus each did each approve:
 Each vow'd—whilst each the vow observ'd,
 The maid was true, the swain ne'er swerv'd;
 Then ev'ry word was love.
Then ev'ry word, &c.

SONG 405.

WHEN wit and beauty lead the way
 What can withstand their pow'rful sway?
 The soul in pleasing rapture lies,
 Away the conqueror bears the prize:
 What mortal can withstand the dart
 When it has pierc'd his tender heart,
 How can he ease his troubled mind
 Unless the lovely nymph is kind.

Where

Where shall I go to vent my woes,
 Or whither fly to seek repose ?
 To whom shall I disclose my mind,
 And say, my Celia proves unkind ?
 I'll follow the receipt that Jove
 Try'd to obtain his Danae's love ;
 In show'rs of gold the god descends,
 Enjoys the nymph amidst her friends.

If thro' the shady groves I rove,
 Still ev'ry object prompts to love ;
 The warblers, with their little throats,
 Each woe his mate with rural notes :
 Direct me, Cupid, to the place
 Where I may view her charming face ;
 With her to wear out all my days,
 Embalm'd in bliss and blest with ease,

S O N G 406.

THE man that is drunk is void of all care,
 He needs neither Parthian quiver nor spear:
 The Moor's poison'd dart he scorns for to wield ;
 His bottle alone is his weapon and shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
 Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors ;
 He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
 And boldly defies both proctor and devil.

As late I rode out, with my skin full of wine,
 Encumbered neither with care nor with coin,
 I boldly confronted a horrible dun,
 Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No

No monster could put you to half so much fear,
Should he in 'Apulia's forest appear ;
In Africa's desert there never was seen
A monster so hated by Gods and by men.

Come, place me, ye Deities, under the line,
Where grows not a tree nor a plant, but the vine ;
O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter and sweat,
Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the heat.

Or place me where sunshine is ne'er to be found,
Where the earth is with winter eternally bound ;
Even there I would nought but my bottle re-
quire,
My bottle should warm me, and fill me with
fire.

My tutor may job me, and lay me down rules ;
Who minds them but dull philosophical fools ?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough then to sit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain ;
For he thought Aristotle an ass for his pain :
His sorrows he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the world was
his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor well stor'd,
And into't I came to be drunk as a lord :
My life is the reck'ning, which freely I'll pay ;
And when I'm dead drunk, then I'll stagger
away.

SONG

SONG 407.

THE blytheft Bird that fings in May,
 Was ne'er more blyth was ne'er more gay
 Than I, a-well a-day ! than I, a-well a-day !
 E'er Collin yet had learn'd to figh,
 Or I to guefs the reafon why ;
 Oh love ! a-well a-day, oh love ! a-well a-day !

We kiss'd, we toy'd, but neither knew
 From whence thofe fond endearments grew,
 Till he, a-well a-day ! till he, a-well a-day !
 By time and other fwains made wife,
 Began to talk of hearts and eyes,
 And love, a-well a-day ! and love, a-well a-
 day !

Kind nature now took Collin's part,
 My eyes inform againft my heart,
 My heart, a-well a-day ! my heart, a-well
 a-day !
 Straight glow'd with thrilling sympathy,
 And echo'd back each gentle figh,
 Each figh, a-well a-day ! each figh, a-well
 a-day !

Can love, alas ! by words be fhewn,
 He ask'd a proof, a tender one,
 While I, a-well a-day ! while I, a-well a-
 day !
 In filence bluſh'd a fond reply ;
 Can ſhe who truly loves deny ?
 Ah ! no, a-well a-day, ah ! no, a-well a-
 day !

SONG

SONG 408.

IF *Phillis* denies me relief,
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in wine;
 Tho' she laughs at my amorous grief,
 At my mirth why shou'd she repine?
At my mirth, &c.

The sparkling Champaign shall remove
 All the cares my dull grief has in store:
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,
 And by drinking what can I do more?
And by drinking, &c.

Wou'd *Phillis* but pity my pain,
 Or my am'rous vows wou'd approve,
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,
 And be drunk with nothing but love.
And be drunk, &c.

SONG 409.

WHILE misers all night still are watching
 their stores,
 And at day sternly drive the distressed from their
 doors,
 While courtiers each other subvert in the state,
 And obstinate churchmen new maxims create,
Chorus. We are frugally gen'rous, nor each
 other wrong,
 But enjoy us at night, then conclude with a song.
But enjoy, &c.

Let

Let Sharpers attempt by false arts to ensnare,
 'Till at length they receive their long merited
 fare ;

Let spend-thrifts consume, till too late they
 repent

The loss of their riches so lavishly spent,

Chorus. While with honest industry we live the
 day long,

And enjoy us at night, then conclude with a
 song.

And enjoy, &c.

• Tho' Drunkards in claret such virtue profess,
 They'd find it more sov'raign were they to
 drink less ;

Tho' rakes say in women is center'd our bliss,

They've reason sometimes to regret a close kiss:

Chorus. Such diff'rent extremes then to us
 don't belong,

And yet women and wine are the life of our song.

And yet, &c.

Yet toppers and rakes, wou'd ye lead happy
 lives,

Be mod'rate in drinking, and chuse modest
 wives ;

Let churchmen with churchmen, and courtiers
 be friends ;

For on friendship all earthly enjoyment depends ;

Chorus. And when ye're united thus lasting
 and strong,

Like us you'll be jovial and end with a song.

Like us, &c.

SONG

SONG 410.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose,
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed;
 No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
 The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush:
 Come let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring?
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmur should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her can compare,
 Loves graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair:

Say

Say, charmer where do thy flocks stray ?
 Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ?
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay ?
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

SONG 411.

OH ! wae is me poor Wolley cry'd,
 See how I'm wasted to a span ;
 My heart I lost when first I spy'd
 That lovely smirking milkmaid Nan :
 I'm grown so weak the gentlest breeze
 Of dusty Roger's winn'ing fan,
 Would waft me o'er yon beachen trees,
 And all for the sake of my smirking Nan.

The ale-wife misses me of late,
 I us'd to take a hearty can ;
 But I can neither drink nor eat,
 Unless 'tis brew'd or bak'd by Nan.
 The baker makes the best of bread,
 The flower he takes, and leaves the bran ;
 The bran is every other maid,
 Compar'd with thee, my smirking Nan.

But Dick o'th green, that nasty lown,
 Last sunday to my mistress ran ;
 He snatch'd a kiss—I knock'd him down,
 Which hugely pleas'd my smirky nan.
 But hark ! the roaring foger comes,
 And rattles tantara tavan ;
 She leaves her cows for noisy drums,
 Woes me, I've lost my smirky Nan.

SONG

[432]

SONG 412.

BRISK wine makes us gay, and beauty
leads on,

'Tis beauty, 'tis beauty leads on.

And with pleasure, with pleasure shall crown.

*'Tis the sparkling Champaign shall heighten
our joy,*

And the raptures of Phillis, that never can cloy.

In mirth and delight we'll frolic and play,

And jovial and jovial we'll drink all the day;

With Bacchus and Cupid we'll frolic and play,

With cheeks red as roses, or flowers in May.

'Tis the sparkling Champaign, &c.

Ye sons of dull care, 'tis women and wine,

Those blessings of nature, and Jove's design;

To man they were given to soothe the dull
mind;

Then drink and be cheerful, give grief to the

'Tis the sparkling Champaign, &c. [wind.

SONG 413.

IF all that I love is her face,

From looking I sure can refrain;

In others her likeness may trace,

Or absence may cure all my pain:

This said, from her charms I retir'd,

Nor knew I till then how I lov'd;

What present my passion admir'd,

In absence my reason approv'd.

Ah!

Ah ! why should I hope for relief,
 Where all that I see is disdain ;
 No pity in her for my grief,
 No merit in me to complain :
 Nor yet do I fortune upbraid,
 Tho' robb'd of my freedom and ease ;
 Still proud of the choice I have made,
 Tho' hopeless it ever can please.

S O N G 414.

MARIA, when the paps you press
 Each morn beneath the cow ;
 Do not the secret thoughts of bliss,
 Your mind with fancied joys possess,
 And make you long to know ?

See then the gentle curling stream,
 That fills your pail so full,
 'Tis turn'd to floods of luscious cream,
 Whene'er the milk-maid chance to dream
 She's stroaking of a bull.

Let easier work your arms employ,
 Take better things in hand,
 Since heaven has made you fit for joy,
 Have pity on the amorous boy,
 Nor let him weeping stand.

Then leave off making three-meal cheese,
 For every plowman's turn ;
 The softer curds of beauty squeeze,
 And make love's butter come with ease,
 By jumbling nature's churn.

SONG 415.

AS I derick'd along to dofs on my pad,
 Young Molly the fro-file I touted ;
 She nail'd a rum codger of * tilter and nab,
 But in filing his † ratler was routed :
 As I ‡ trolled along I § grappl'd her shell,
 She stag'd the rum bowman and knew me full
 well :

The harmans had tap'd her, but d—me to hell,
 I plumpt 'em, and sav'd her from limbo.

The | buznapper's kenchin my rummer did
 feize,

But I soon right and left daddle tipt him ;
 I darken'd his day-lights, and sem'd up his fees
 And up with my ** dew-beaters tript him ;
 While I mill'd his mazzard, she †† snaff'd his
 poll,

Away she went laughing, I hik'd after Moll ;
 We fil'd the rum-codger, and plumpt the queer
 cull,

And away we went to the †† ken boozie.

As there we sat §§ yaffling and sluicing our
 gobbs,

She tipt me the gum very cleanly ;

* *Sword and Hat.* † *Watch.* ‡ *Loiter'd.*

§ *Took hold of her.* | *Constable's attendant.*

** *Feet.* †† *Stole his Wig.* †† *Alchouse.*

§§ *Eating and drinking.*

L—d d—me 'twill never be out on my nos,
 The brimstone she wheedled so bienly :
 Round my scrag her dear daddles did lovingly
 fold,
 She tip't me the velvet, her day-lights she roll'd,
 She said I must love you, you're quiddish and
 bold,
 You shall dofs with me Jemmy till || jamming.

Dear Molly, he cried, I will dofs in your pad,
 I'm a bowman that ne'er will deceive you ;
 I'll cut a bien wid for to keep you in scan,
 And boldly will pad to relieve you :
 The *** darbies I dread not, death's common
 to all,
 Those that rumble in ††† rattlers or pad in the
 mall;
 I can but shake trotters at fam'd ††† Bilby's
 ball,
 And go off like a bowman that's quiddish.

|| Hanging. *** Feters. ††† Coaches.
 ††† Gallows.

SONG 416.

TO heal the smart a bee had made
 Upon my Chloe's face,
 Honey upon her cheeks she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place :
 Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

O o 2

SONG

SONG. 417.

ROBIN and Gonny they went to the town,
 And there they quickly spent half a crown;
 Robin drank one pot and Gonny drank two,
 Till they were as drunken as David's old sow.
Fol de rol, &c.

As they came home again old Gonney did faw
 Into a deep ditch, and on Robin did caw
 To pull o'th' bonk; A wease me! quoth ho,
 I'm wearily deet, prithee poo Robin poo.
Fol de rol, &c.

Robin he ran and he got her by th' foot,
 To poo her o'th' bonk, as he thowt he cou'd
 do't;
 But her bum stuck so fast that off come her shoe,
 But still ho cry'd out, prithee poo Robin, poo.
Fol de rol, &c.

You must know that Robin had got a fow
 thwack,
 In a mirey cart rut he was dawn on his back;
 He curs'd hur, and caw'd hur a drunken old sow,
 But still ho cry'd out, prithee poo Robin, poo.
Fol de rol, &c.

Robin he scrambled and got up again,
 And on his old Gonny did baw and did wein;
 Was e'er mon so sted with a drunken old sow?
 But still ho cry'd out, prithee poo Robin poo.
Fol de rol, &c.

Marry

Marry hang thee, quoth Robin, I've poo'd my
heart sore ; [more :

Lye there and be damn'd, for I'll poo thee no
A wease me, quoth ho, then what mun I dop ?

I priethee, sweet Robin, poo one other poo.

Fel de rol, &c.

SONG 418.

FLORELLA, lovely nymph, forbear
To cloud a face like thine

With frowns that nought but smiles shou'd wear,
To please and bless mankind :

With envious haste old time and care,

Will tarnish ev'ry bloom ;

Then do not by imprudence marr,

What may be lost too soon.

See with what pleasure ev'ry swain

The chearful Cloc views ;

See with what joy they wear the chain,

All pleas'd whom she subdues :

Tho' fair her face, divinely fair !

Yet she her conquest owes

To that good-nature that appears

In every thing she does.

And that will please when ev'ry joy

That beauty gave is dead ;

And friendly smooth the wrinkled brow

Of age's hoary head :

Then give to smiles and mirth the hour,

Enjoy the present store ;

Defraud not beauty of that pow'r

That soon will be no more.

SONG 419.

TO curb the will with vain pretence,
 Philosophy her force employs,
 And tells us in despite of sense,
 That life affords no real joys.
 Such Idle whims my heart abjures;
 Envy me not immortal Jove!
 If I prefer my bliss to yours,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

Since you have given desires to men,
 Leave us, at least, th' enjoyment free;
 Must I be happy only then,
 When I alas! shall cease to be.
 Such idle whims my heart abjures;
 Envy me not immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my bliss to yours,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

SONG 420.

DEspairing, beside a clear stream,
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head:
 The wind, that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;

When

When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd :
 She talk'd, and I blest'd her dear tongue;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great ;
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown ;
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folks of the town !
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove,
 To be clad like our maidens in grey
 Or live in a cottage on love !

What tho' I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd ?
 What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around ?
 Ah Collin ! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign ;
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid :
 Tho' through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, whilst my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,

Let

Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at e'ery fine show,
 And frolick it all the long day:
 Whilst Collin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

SONG 421.

IF you my wand'ring heart would find,
 That heart you say is like the wind,
 Which varies here and wanders there
 To ev'ry nymph that's kind and fair:
 I say, if you this heart would find,
 Turn to your own inconstant mind;
 If e'er it wanders, 'tis to be
 In wand'ring constantly with thee.

How can it settle when you fly,
 And shun this faithful votary?
 A nymph that's fair it oft doth find,
 But never yet the nymph that's kind.
 If you would fix this wand'ring heart,
 Join it with yours, twill ne'er depart;
 But in the pangs of death will prove
 It wander'd but to fix your love.

SONG

SONG 422.

YE Virgins who do listen to
 Whate'er your mothers say,
 Be ruled by me, and let's agree,
 No longer to obey :
 For I've been snubb'd and I have been drubb'd,
 'Till I've been black and blue ;
 But I'll behave no more like a slave,
But I'll behave, &c.
 I wish I may die if I do, if I do.
I wish I may, &c.

Both night and day she prates away,
 About my being nice ;
 But I declare 'twould make you stare
 To hear her dull advice ;
 She says that I from men must fly,
 Or mischief will ensue ;
 But in all the kind no harm I find,
In all the kind, &c.
 I wish I may die if I do.
I wish, &c.

She says that youth, still blind to truth,
 The danger ne'er can tell ;
 And 'tis from sense and experience
 That she can talk so well :
 But if she got sense from experience,
 Then she may depend upon't,
 I'll try to be as wise as she ;
I'll try to be, &c.
 I wish I may die if I don't.
I wish, &c.

Young

Young Damon gay the other day,
Would struggle for a kiss ;
I pish'd and cry'd, and him did chide,
With—What d'ye mean by this ?
'Tis wond'rous rude, that you'll intrude,
When I have so oft forbid ;
I wish I may die if you don't make me cry,
I wish I may die, &c.
But I wish I may die if he did.
I wish, &c.

Then I'll be free while young I be,
And let my mother scold,
And I'll despise being quite as wise,
Untill I am quite as old :
At forty-three a prude I'll be,
And lay my follies by ;
But never till then will I shun the men,
But never till then, &c.
If I do—I wish I may die.
If I do, &c.

S O N G 423.

BACCHUS must now his power resign,
I am the only god of wine ;
It is not fit that wretch shou'd be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
Stock it with nothing else but wine :
Let wine the only product be,
Let wine be earth, be air and sea,
And let that wine be all for me.

Let

Let wretched mortals vainly wear
 A tedious life in anxious care,
 Let the ambitious toil and think,
 Let states and empires swim or sink,
 My sole ambition is to drink

S O N G 424.

O NE summer's eve as Strephon rov'd
 Wrapt up in thought profound,
 Surpriz'd he saw his best belov'd
 Lie sleeping on the ground :
 Awake my pretty sleeper wake,
 Awake to Strephon's call ;
 Be careful for your lover's sake,
 'Tis night the dew-drops fall.

Then to her cheeks his lips he laid,
 And gently stole a kiss ;
 She still slept on, he not dismay'd
 Repeats the transient bliss :
 She wakes and thus, with angry tone,
 Away ! away ! she cries,
 Then fault'ring bids the swain be gone,
 Then sigh'd and clos'd her eyes.

Tho' cruel are your words sweet maid,
 Can sighs proceed from hate ?
 My doubts are gone : then down he laid,
 Resolv'd to share her fate :
 Defended from the noxious air,
 Within his arms she lay,
 And tho' the swain oft wak'd the fair
 She said no more till day.

S O N G

SONG 425.

TOO late for redress, and too soon for
my ease,

I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I cou'd please.
I fancy'd your eyes read the language of mine,
And saw my love's image reflected on thine.
The flatterer hope, to my ruin led on,
And taught me to judge of your heart by my
own.

Self-love to my wish was at hand to prescribe
That my love was return'd, and my friendship
repaid.

But wak'd from this dream, 'tis with anguish I
find,

Words and looks were but civil, which once I
thought kind;

Its colour no longer false fancy will lend,
To form a fond lover, or image a friend:
But be still, my poor heart, or beat thee to rest,
I'll drive this tormentor, this love, from my
breast;

I'll break the gay bauble my fancy has made,
And punish the heart self-love has betray'd.

AN ALPHABETICAL
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SUPPLEMENT.

SONG 1.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay;
That each night they went safely to rest,
And they merrily sung thro' the day.

But ah ; what a scene must appear,
Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er ?
Must the tabor no more strike the ear ?
Must the dance on the green be no more ?

Must the flocks from their pasture be led ?
Will the herds go wild, straying abroad ?
Will the looms be all stopt in each shed,
And the ships be all moor'd in each road ?

Must the arts be all scatter'd around,
And shall commerce grow sick of her side ?
Must religion expire on the ground,
And shall virtue sink down by her side ?

SONG 2.

RECITATIVE.

HARK the horn calls away,
Come the grave, come the gay ;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth and arise.

A I R

From the east breaks the morn,
 See the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath and the mountains so high,
 Shrilly 'opes the staunch hound,
 The steed neighs to the sound,
 And the floods and the valleys reply.
And the &c.

Our forefathers so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the ~~ard~~ and the boar;
 Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.
And taught &c.

Hence of noble descent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;
 Tho' in life's busy day,
 Man of man makes a prey,
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.
Still let &c.

With the chace in full sight,
 Gods how great the delight,
 How our mortal sensations refine;
 Where is care? where is fear?
 Like the wind in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine.
And the &c.

Now to horse my brave boys,
 As each pants for the joys,

That

[3]

That anon shall enliven the whole ;
Then at 'eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl
And renew &c.

S O N G 3.

THE echoing horn calls the huntsman abroad,
To horse my brave boys and away ;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox,
O'er hills and o'er valleys he flies ;
Then follow we'll soon overtake him huzza
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like *Backanals* shouting and gay ;
How sweet with a bottle and lals to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day.
With sport, love and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wisdom all happiness sours ;
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Lets strew the way over with flowers.

S O N G 4.

IN holiday gown, and my newfangled hat,
Last monday I tript to the fair ;
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Young Roger I guess'd would be there.
He woo's me to marry whenever I meet,
There is honey sure dwells on his tongue ;
H.

He presses so close and kisses so sweet;
I would, if I were not too young.

Pert Sue i'll assure you, got hold of the boy,
The vixen would fain be his bride;
Some tokens she'd have, either ribbon or toy,
And swore she would not be deny'd.
A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green,
The wench was confoundedly stung;
I hate her so much, that for anger and spleen,
I would, if I were not too young.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in my ear,
He flatter'd, he promised and swore;
Such trinkets he bought me, such ribbons and gear,
That trust me my pockets ran o'er.
Some ballads he got me, the best he could find,
And sweetly the burden he sung;
In faith he's so handsome, so witty and kind,
I could if I were not too young.

The sun was just setting, it was time to retire,
Our village was distant a mile;
I rose to be gone, Roger bow'd like a squire,
And handed me over the stile.
His arms he threw round me, love laugh'd in
his eye,
He led me the meadows all along;
He press'd me so close, that I own'd with a sigh,
I would, for I was not too young.

SONG 5.

WITH easy horn, salute the morn,
That gilds this charming place;

With

With cheerful cries, bid echo rise,
And join the jovial chase.

And join &c.

The vocal hills around
The waving woods,
The chrystal floods,
All, all return the enliv'ning sound.

SONG 6.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains
with gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew drops
behold ;

Hear the larks early mornin proclaim the new
day,

And the horns cheerful summons rebukes our
delay.

CHORUS. *With the sports of the field there's
no pleasure can vie,*

While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his
sport,

And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
court.

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives it rest to our joy.

CHORUS. *With the sports, &c.*

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee:
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Tho' often like us the're flung out with disgrace.

CHORUS. *With the sports, &c.*

The

The cit hunts a plumb, while the soldier hunts
fame,

The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
And the artful coquet tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

CHORUS. *With the sports, &c.*

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessings we ask, is the blessing of health,
With hounds and with horns, thro' the wood-
lands to roam,

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

CHORUS. *With the sports, &c.*

SONG 7.

IN Infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known,
No sordid int'rest then appears,
Affection rules alone ;
As friendship ripen'd with our youth,
The fruit was gathered there,
Bright wisdom and fair blooming truth,
Subsided ev'ry care.

Ah ! happy, more than happy state,
Where hearts are twin'd in one ;
Yet few, (so rigid is our fate)
May wear the tender crown :
By one rude touch, the roses fall,
And all their beauty's fade ;
In vain we sigh, in vain we call,
Too late is human aid.

SONG 8.

[7]
SONG 8.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove ;
Spare a heart, that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft breast,
Nor with rancor, never ending,
Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress.
Let not Rage, &c.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
Ne'er my wretched state can mend ;
I, alas ! at once have lost
Father, brother, husband, friend.
Let not rage, &c.

SONG 9.

DEAREST creature of all nature,
Oh ! I rage, I burn, I smart,
Cease to grieve me, soon relieve me,
Or, too sure you'll break my heart.
Dearest creature, &c.

Love like war has in it's power,
Both a kind and fatal hour,
Save me then, oh ! conqu'ring fair,
Think thy lover worth thy care.
Dearest creature, &c.

Music's charms shall still invite thee,
Love's alarms shall still delight thee,

Can I leave my dearest treasure,
 All my joy and all my pleasure, no ; no ;
 Dearest creature, &c.

SONG 10.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love,
 A conquest I believ'd ;
 The flattering error ceas'd to prove,
 Oh ! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
 Which love did first create ;
 What was my pride is now my shame,
 And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wavering mind,
 The weakness of my heart ;
 Which oh ! I feel too much inclin'd,
 To take the traitors part,

SONG 11.

A new ENGLISH UPROAR.

The Words adapted, (*as burlesque*) to the favourite Airs in the Opera of *Artaxerxes*,

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Miss Brent and Sig. Tenducci.

Miss Brent. RECITATIVO.

INSTEAD of silence—what a noise is here ?
 Methinks the audience a' are mighty queer.
Ten. I will away to quell these mutineers.
 Adieu—I'll send a file of musqueteers.

Miss

Miss Brent. Yet stay, Tonducci—for perhaps
such force,
Instead of quelling them, may make 'em worse.

DUETTINO. (*Dear Aurora, prishes stay*)

Pray, Fitzgiggo, let us play,

Or go quietly away ;

Think how much we undergo ;

Answer, General, yes or no.

Enter Mr B. in a hurry. RECITATIVE.

Ha ! what the devil can they mean by this ?
Something is surely very much amiss ;
Shall I, shall I, who am your chief commander,
Be hiss'd at thus, by every goose or gander ?

A I R. (*In infancy our hopes and fears.*)

By Miss Brent (*To Mr. B.*)

To mitigate our hopeless fears

Submit and please the town ;

They'll throw the seats about our ears,

And tear the boxes down :

(*To the audience.*)

O clear him, then, of this offence,

The scene's and sconces spare ;

Consider but his great expence,

And Oh ! how small his share.

Grand Chorus by the Pit.

Yes or No !—Yes or No !

RECITATIVE. Mr. B.

I pray now, gentlemen, but grant this favour,
I always have perform'd my best endeavour
To please your diff'rent tastes and disposition,
Therefore I beg you'd hear my poor petition,
Nor think me guilty of an imposition.

A I R.

A I R. Mr. B.

(Let not rage thy bosom firing.)

Let not rage this house let fire on,
 Pity, tho' you disapprove;
 Sure your hearts are hard as iron,
 When an op'ra cannot move;
 See your fav'rite *Brent* is fainting,
 See *Tenances* stiff appears;
 Save each gentle bosom panting,
 Dissipate their tender fears.
 Cease, *Fitzgiggs*—cease inquiring
 Into managerie Arts;
 Sir, as ye were wont, admiring
 How we all perform our parts:
 Cease, ye bucks, to make a riot,
 Let no dreadful noi'e be heard;
 Prithee let us be at quiet,
 Nor distress your *Johnny Beard*.

RECITATIVO. *From the Pit.*

We'll hear no more—say then, before you go,
 Answer the question—will ye ? *Yes*, or *No*.

CHORUS. *By the whole house.*

Yes or No !—Yes or No !

Yes or No !—Yes or No !

To say the truth—I tell ye all together,
 It is not in my pow'r to mention either;
 But this I say—I've got as good a band,
 (I flatter me) as any in the land.

OMNES.

Off! off! sir, off! at once inform the town:
 Either your house, your pride, or price must
 down.

Mr. B. There never was an opera before
 At common price—and so I'll say no more.

*Exit in a Passion.**Teu.*

Ten. Ah me, Miss Brent—what must we do?

Miss Brent. I cannot tell—sweet Signor, what say you?

A I R. *Sig. Tenducci.*

(*If e'er she cruel tyrant love.*)

If e'er such cruel tyrants reign'd

At operas before;

Pray what would *Eunuchs* e'er have gain'd

By Bravo and Encore?

Forbear to fan this raging flame

Which *Fitzgig* did create;

Nor let your rage supplant your shame,

To fix theatric fate.

Then cease to tear the boxes down,

And terrify each heart;

For O I find the town inclin'd

To take *Fitzgig's* part.

RECITATIVO. *By the upper Gallery.*

Begin the dust! and let the benches fly!

This treatment, Gentlemen, is *all my eye.*

Middle Gallery.

Why, *Johnny Beard!* *Jack Beard,* why don't you come?

Begin! begin! 'Tis plain it's *all a hum.*

Miss B. *Signor Tenducci* we had best retire;

Tenducci.

We must, or all the fat will be in the fire.

Miss Brent.

Hark! hark! the seats and boxes 'gin to chatter!

The windows jingle! and the sconces clatter!

They come! they come! *Fitzgig* leads 'em on;

Signor Tenducci--let us now be gone.

Then

[12]

Then haste, ye dancers, singers, do not stay,
And well dress'd fidlers, prithee sneak away.

Exeunt Ambo.

CHORUS. *By the Pit.*

(For his father he lost when he murder'd his king.)

Then since *Beard* comes no more, let's to work
in a trice,

For our favour he lost, when he rais'd the full
price.

*Grand Babel building Chorus, by the whole house
of Bucks, Bloods, &c. clattering, clashing,
cracking, tearing, rending, &c. &c.*

SONG 12.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear ?
Why silent drops that crystal tear ?
What jealous thoughts disturb thy breast
Where love and peace delight to rest ?
What tho' thy Jockey hath been seen
With Molly sporting on the green ;
'Twas but an artful trick to prove
The matchless force of Jenny's love.
'Tis true, a nosegay I address'd
To grace the witty Daphne's breast,
But 'twas at her desire to try
If Damon cast a jealous eye.
These flowers will fade e're morning's dawn,
Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn :
But on thy fragrant bosom lies
A sweet perfume that never dies.

SONG 13.

[13]
SONG 13.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betsey is my charming bride,
Ring the bells and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul,
Who so fair as lovely Bet,
Who so blest'd as Colinet.

Now adieu to maiden arts,
Angling for unguarded hearts,
Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,
Lisping wanton girls and boys,
Girls as fair as lovely Bet,
Boys as sweet as Colinet.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn,
Now my plenteous barn adorn,
Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs,
With the fairest sweetest flow'rs,
Riper fairer sweeter yet,
Are the charms of lovely Bet.

Tho' on fundays I was seen,
Dress'd like any may day queen,
Tho' six sweethearts daily strove,
To deserve thy Betty's love,
Them I quit without regret,
All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic lay,
Crown with sports our bridal day,
May each lad a mistress find
Like my Betsey fair and kind,
And each lass a husband get,
Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring

[14]

Ring the bells and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul,
May the sun ne'er rise or set,
But with joy to happy Bet,
And her faithful Colinet.

S O N G 14.

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth combin'd,
In Cloe's face, in Cloe's mind ;
Why was I born ye Gods to see
What robs me of my liberty ?

Alone thro' darksome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envies every clown I see
Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

Think then dear Cloe e're it's too late,
That death must be my hapless fate,
If love and you do not agree,
To set me at my liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
And every idle care disdain,
And live in sweet tranquility,
Nor wish for greater liberty.

S O N G 15.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair ;
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him ye Gods your care.

Dispel

[15]

Dispel those gloomy shades of night;
My tender grief remove ;
O send some chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

There in a secret friendly shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden Damon's well-known face,
Each rising fear disarms ;
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.

S O N G 16.

YE chearful virgins have ye seen,
My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
To rose or jess'mine bow'r ;
Where does she seek the woodbine shade ?
For sure ye know the blooming maid,
Sweet as the may born flow'r.

Her cheeks is like the maiden rose,
Join'd with the lilly as it blows,
Where each in sweetness vie ;
Like dew-drops glist'ning in the morn,
When Phoebus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnets lay,
That warbles chearful on the spray,
To hail the vernal beam ;

Her

[16]

Her heart is blyther than her song,
Her passions gently move along,
Like the smooth gliding stream.

S O N G 17.

THE larks shrill notes awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn ;
The yellow harvest safe from spoil,
Rewards the happy farmers toil.
The larks, &c.
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.
The flowing, &c.

S O N G 18.

A Term full as long as the siege of old Troy,
To win a sweet girl, I my time did employ,
Oft urg'd her the day for our marriage to set,
As often she answered, 'tis time enough yet.
Time enough yet, &c.

I told her, at last, that her passions were wrong,
And more that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long,
She burst out a laughing at seeing me fret,
And humming a tune, cry'd, 'tis time enough yet.
Time enough yet, &c.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,
I flew from her presence and bounc'd out of door,
Resolv'd of her usage the better to get,
Or on her my eyes again never to set.
Never to set, &c.

To

[17]

To me the next morning her maid came in haste,
And beg'd for god's sake I'd forget what was past,
Declar'd her young lady did nothing but fret,
I told her I'd think on't, 'twas time enough yet.
Time enough yet, &c.

She next in a letter, as long as my arm,
Declar'd, from her soul, she intended no harm,
And beg'd I the day for our marriage would set,
I wrote her an answer, 'tis time enough yet.
Time enough yet, &c.

But that was scarce gone when a message I sent,
To shew in my heart I began to relent,
I beg'd I might see her together we met,
We kiss and were friends again so we are yet.
So we are yet, &c.

S O N G 19.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the
day,
And hye to my woodland walks away,
Tack up my robe and am buskin'd soon,
And tye to my forehead a waxing moon,
I course the fleet stagg, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks.
With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the
sky,
And echo turns hunter and doubles the cry.
With shouting, &c.

S O N G.

[18]
SONG 20.

I Made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,
Till I heard of late she'd a mind to me,
I met her on the green,
In her best array,
So pretty she did seem,
She stole my heart away;
Oh! then we kiss'd and prest, were we much to
blame,
Had you been in my place, why you had done
the same.

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,
Quoth she I'll marry you, and you shall marry
Kate,
But then I laugh'd and swore,
I lov'd her more than so,
Ty'd each to a rope's end,
Is tugging to and fro;
Again we kiss'd and prest, were we much to
blame,
Had you been in my place, why you had done
the same.

Then she sigh'd and said she was wond'rous sick,
Dicky Katy led Katy she led Dick,
Long we toy'd and play'd,
Under yonder oak,
Katy lost the game,
Tho' she play'd in joke;
For there we did alas, what I dare not name,
Had you been in my place, why you had done
the same.

SONG.

[19]
SONG 21.

HEAR me gallant sailor hear me,
While your country has a foe,
He is mine too never fear me,
I may weep but you must go ;
Though this flow'ry season woos you,
To the peaceful sports of may,
And love sighs so long to loose you,
Love to glory shall give way.

SAILOR.

Can the sons of *Britain* fail her,
While her daughters are so true,
Can the sons of *Britain* fail her,
While her daughters are so true ;
Your soft courage must avail her,
We love honour loving you ;
We love honour loving you,
We love honour loving you.

BOATSWAIN.

War and danger now invite us,
Blow ye winds auspicious blow,
War and danger now invite us,
Blow ye winds auspicious blow ;
Ev'ry gale will most delight us,
That can waft us to the foe,
Ev'ry gale will most delight us,
That can waft us to the foe.

SONG 22.

THE lillies of *France* and the fair *English* rose,
Could never agree as old history shows,
But

But our Edwards and Henrys those lillies have
 torn,
 And in their rich standards such ensigns have born,
 To shew that old *England*, beneath her strong
 lance,
 Has humbled the pride and the glory of *France*.

What wou'd these monsieurs, wou'd they know
 how they ran,
 Why look at the annals of glorious queen Ann,
 We beat 'em by sea, and we beat 'em by land,
 When Malborough and Russel enjoy'd the com-
 mand,
 We'll beat them again boys, so let them advance,
 Old *England* despises the insults of *France*.

Why let the grand monarch assemble his host,
 And threaten envasions on *England's* fair coast,
 We bid them defiance, so let them come on,
 Have at 'em their business will quickly be done,
 Monsieurs we will teach ye, a new *English* dance,
 To our granadiers march, that shall frighten all
France.

Let's take up our muskets, and gird on our swords,
 And monsieurs you'll find us as good as our words,
 Beat drums, trumpets sound, and huzza for our
 king,
 Then welcome Bellisle with what troops thou
 canst bring,
 Huzza for old *England* whose strong pointed lance,
 Shall humble the pride and the glory of *France*.

S O N G.

[21]
SONG 23.

THE card invites, in crowds we fly,
To join the jovial routful cry,
What joy from cares and plagues all day,
To hie to the midnight hark away.
Hark away, &c.

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
Nor dromish husbands enter there,
The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hie to the midnight hark away.
Hark away, &c.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
And drowsy watchmen idly knock,
Till daylight peeps we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly hark away.
Hark away, &c.

When tir'd with sport, to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious day with sleep,
To morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the midnight hark away.
Hark away, &c.

SONG 24.

THE drum is unbrac'd and the trumpet no
more,
Shall rouse the fierce soldier to fight,
Our meads shall no longer be floated with gore,
Nor terror disturb the calm night;
Once

Once more o'er the fields golden harvest shall
shine,

The olive her flow'rets increase,
Again purple cluster shall blush on the vine,
These these are the blessings of peace.
Again purple, &c.

The shepherd securely now roams thro' the glade,
Or merrily pipes in the vale,
The youth in soft numbers attempts his coy maid,
The virgins dance blithe in the dale;
The flowers with gay colours embroider the
ground,
Unpress'd by an enemy's feet,
The bleatings of sheep from the hillocks resound,
And the birds their trim sonnets repeat.

S O N G 25.

WHen Jenny the gay I first courted to wed,
Whole reams I of love to her sent,
But back she return'd them and scornfully said,
That she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.
She cou'dn't, &c.

Resolv'd not to give up the matter so tame,
I follow'd where ever she went,
At the park, at the play, at the rout 'twas the
same,
But she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.
She cou'dn't, &c.

Her maid was my friend and advis'd me to hope,
Or else I had quitted the scent,

For

For my tale it was stopt, e're my mouth I cou'd
 ope,
 With she cou'dn't tell what the fool meant.

Then Molly in lieu of a handful of gold,
 In the chamber of Jenny me pent,
 Three long hours or more, I lay shiv'ring with
 cold,
 To convince her, no harm the fool meant.
To convince, &c.

But what are three hours, nay threescore and
 three,
 To be crown'd then at last with content,
 No longer my Jane proves hard hearted to me,
 When she found 'twas no harm the fool meant.
When she, &c.

I N D E X

T O T H E

S U P P L E M E N T.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,	14
A term full as long as the siege, &c.	16
Dearest creature of all nature.	7
Hark the horn calls away.	1
Hear me gallant sailor, hear me.	19
If e'er the cruel tyrant love.	8
I made love to Kate, &c.	18
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In infancy our hopes and fears.	6
Instead of silence—what a noise is here.	
Let not rage, thy bosom firing.	
My fond shepherds of late were so blest.	1
Now the happy knot is ty'd.	13
Since ev'ry charm on earth combin'd.	14
The card invites, in crowds we fly.	21
The drum is unbrac'd and the trumpet, &c. <i>ibid.</i>	
The echoing horn calls the huntsman abroad.	3
The larks shrill notes awakes the morn.	16
The lillies of <i>France</i> and the fair <i>English</i> rose.	19
The sun from the east tips the mountains, &c.	5
What means that tender sigh my dear.	12
When Jenny the gay I first courted to wed.	22
With early horn salute the morn.	4
With horns and with hounds. &c.	17
Ye chearful virgins have ye seen.	15

F I N I S.



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